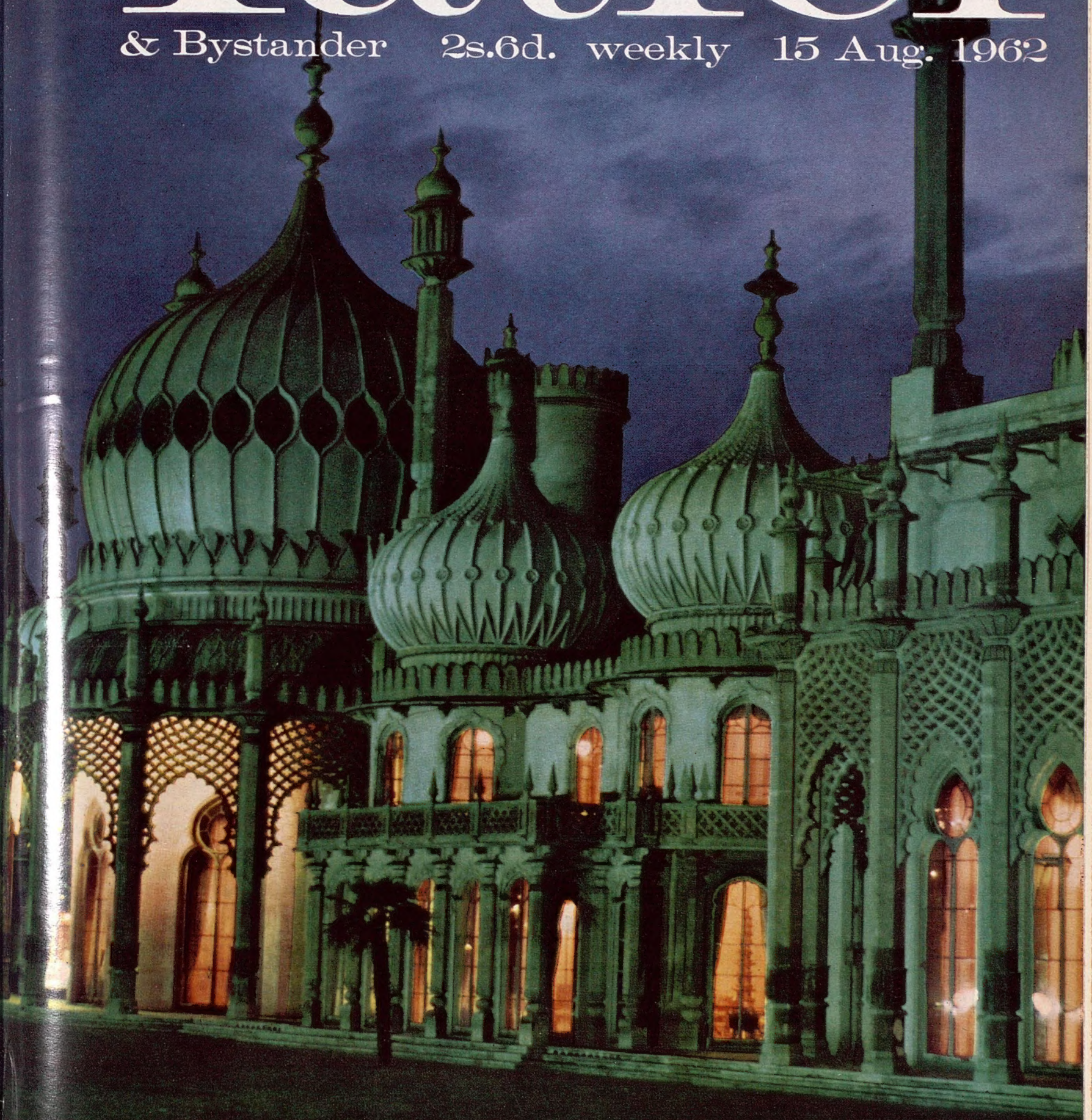




THE

# Tattler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 15 Aug. 1962



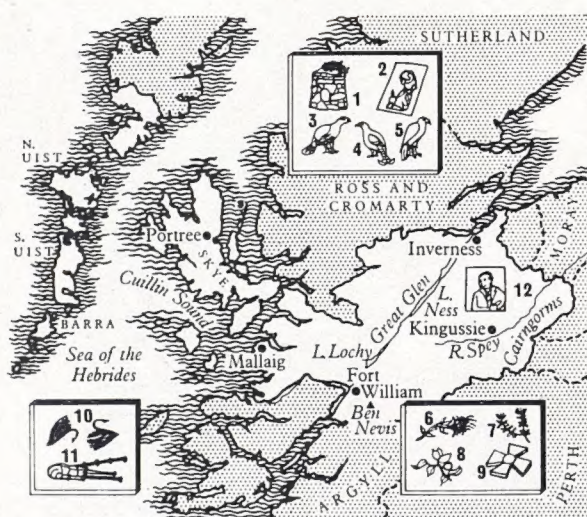
LIVING IN BRIGHTON





Painted by Leonard Rosoman

## Shell guide to INVERNESS-SHIRE



Much of Inverness-shire is in a literal sense the most genuine High Land. The granite Cairngorms heave into the sky a rough plateau which is the largest area in Britain above 3,000 feet. The peak Braeriach (4,285 feet), is the third highest of British mountains. In this composite picture the Cairngorms, where some of the glacial corries keep their snow till June, rise above an aboriginal forest of Scots Pines. To the left, as a reminder of the battle of Culloden in 1746, which decided Prince Charles's fate and future, the painter has set the memorial cairn from Culloden Moor (1), which is only a few miles from Inverness. To the right – from her memorial on Castle Hill, Inverness – observe Flora Macdonald (1722-1790) (2), the heroine who helped Prince Charles to escape over the sea to Skye.

The birds are Capercaillie (3) and Black Grouse (4) and Golden Eagle (5), the plants Scotch Thistle (6), Crowberry (7) (the sharp-tasting fruits make a good jelly), and Blaeberry (8) – which the English call Whortleberry. Scottish brooches (9) recall an Inverness-shire peculiarity, "cairngorms", yellowish or black crystals from the Cairngorm granite. Other Highland items are salmon flies (10), and the pipes (11), and a portrait of James Macpherson (1736-1796) (12), the poet of the twilight poems of "Ossian", born in the mountain parish of Kingussie, at Ruthven, where he was afterwards schoolmaster for a while, before becoming one of the most famous poets of Europe.

"The Shell Country Book" is an encyclopaedia of country things, a companion for every car excursion. Finely produced, nearly 400 pages, 40 colour plates, it's astonishing value for 1 guinea. Published by Phoenix House Ltd.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF  The key to the Countryside



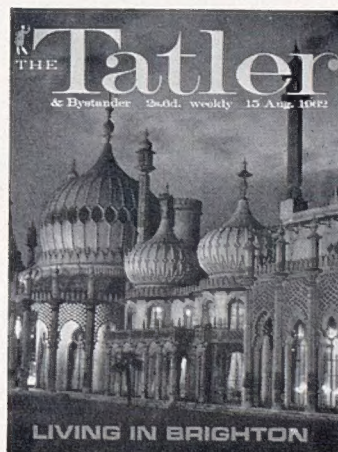
# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

15 AUGUST, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3181

<b>GOING PLACES</b>	310	In Britain
	312	Shakespeare in Germany: <i>photographs by Erich Auerbach</i>
	314	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	316	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
<b>SOCIAL</b>	319	Game Fair at Longleat
	322	Surrey Union Hunt Ball in Sussex
	323	Muriel Bowen's column
	324	King's School, Canterbury, speech day
	326	Wedding of Mr. George Courtauld and Miss Dominie Riley-Smith
<b>FEATURES</b>	328	Welcome for the Winants: <i>photographs by Alan Vines</i>
	330	The party planners: <i>by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim</i>
	332	Living in Brighton: <i>photographs by Jack Esten</i>
	338	Lord Kilbracken
<b>COUNTERSPY</b>	339	White house: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
<b>FASHION</b>	340	Junior League: <i>by Elizabeth Dickson</i>
	345	Dressing with dash— <i>young wives in fashion</i>
<b>GOOD LOOKS</b>	347	Patchwork: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
<b>VERDICTS</b>	348	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	349	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	350	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh-Jones</i>
	350	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	353	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
<b>DINING IN</b>	353	Roasting a grouse: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
<b>MOTORING</b>	354	A revolutionary Morris: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
<b>ANTIQUES</b>	355	Centuries of celadon: <i>by Albert Adair</i>
<b>WEDDINGS &amp; ENGAGEMENTS</b>	356	Brides & brides-to-be
<b>MAN'S WORLD</b>	358	Anthropological democracy: <i>by David Morton</i>



*The fame of the Prince Regent's folly at Brighton, subject of our cover by Eugene Laurents, shows no sign of diminishing after 150 years. Nor does the attraction of the town itself for people of lively wit and dashing style, some of whom are pictured by Jack Esten on page 332. For an unusual performance of "Twelfth Night" in Germany see page 312. In fashion, Elizabeth Dickson sums up the younger trend in Junior League, page 340 onwards*

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# GOING PLACES

## IN BRIGHTON

**Regency Exhibition**, Royal Pavilion (George IV Bicentenary) to 30 September.

**Horse Show**, Sports Arena, to 19 August.

**Racing**: 29, 30 August.

**Cricket**: Sussex v. Surrey, 15-17; v. Hampshire, 18-21 August; v. Gloucestershire, 5-7 September.

**Golf**: Brighton Amateur Open Championship, Hollingbury Course, 17-19 August.

**Croquet Open Tournament**, Southwick, 27 August: 8 September.

**Musical**: Band concerts, 7.30 p.m. in The Dome, 22, 29 August, 5 September. Band concerts, Western Lawns, Hove, 3 & 7 p.m., 26 August; Organ recitals by Douglas Reeve, The Dome, 8 p.m., Thursdays; *Carmen* by the Sussex Choral Society, The Dome, 25 August.

**Fair**: Sussex Industries Fair, Corn Exchange & Royal Pavilion, 10-15 September.

**Dog Show**: Southern Counties Championship, Hove Recreation Ground, 5 September.

**Model ships regatta**, the Lagoon, Hove, 2 September; **National model yachting championships**, the Lagoon, 8, 9 September.

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Edinburgh Festival**, 19 August-8 September.

**Edinburgh Horse Show**, Stenhouse Stadium, 24-25 August.

**Polo Tournaments**: Taunton, 23-26 August; Cirencester: 29 August-2 September; Rhinefield, 4-8 September.

**Burghley Horse Trials** (European Championships), Stamford, Lincs, 5-7 September.

**Young Riders' Championship of Gt. Britain**, Hickstead, 7-9 September.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat**: Haydock Park, Salisbury, Catterick Bridge, today & tomorrow; Stockton, Newbury, 17, 18; Worcester, 18, 20; Lewes, 20; York, 21-24; Bath, 22, 23 August.

**Steeplechases**: Newton Abbot, today & tomorrow; Fontwell Park, 22; Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), 22, 23 August.

## SAILING

**Torbay Fortnight**: 17 August-1 September; **Lowestoft Week and Poole Week**, 20-25 August; **Oulton Broad Week**, 27 August-1 September; **Burnham Week**, 1-8 September.

## CRICKET

**Fifth Test Match**, [England v. Pakistan, the Oval, 16-21 August.

**Cricket Festivals**: Weston-super-Mare, to 21 August; Cheltenham, to 21 August; Canterbury, to 24 August.

## MOTOR RACING

**R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race**, Goodwood, 18 August.

## MUSICAL

**Henry Wood Promenade Concerts**, Royal Albert Hall,



● For the first 18 months of her 4-year membership of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Diana Rigg never said a word on stage. Then she took over the lead in *The Devils* at a moment's notice. This year her performances with the company at Stratford have been acclaimed; London audiences will see her this winter at the Aldwych Theatre

7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays. (KEN 8212.)

**London's Festival Ballet**, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. nightly (matinées 5 p.m. Saturdays) to 8 September. (WAR 3191.)

**Victoria & Albert Museum concert**, by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 19 August.

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 26 August.

**Britain in Water-Colours**, Federation of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, to 31 August.

**20th-Century Italian Painting & Sculpture**, Arthur Jeffress Gallery, Davies Street, to 25 August.

## EXHIBITIONS

**1862 Exhibition Centenary**, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 September.

**Oriental Bookbindings**, British Museum, to end of August.

**Boys' & Girls' Exhibition**, Olympia, to 25 August.

**Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen**, Painswick, to 25 August.

## FESTIVALS

**Canterbury Festival Year**, to 24 September; **Chichester Festival Theatre**, to 8 September.

## OPEN AIR THEATRE

**Regent's Park, Twelfth Night**, to 19 August. (HUN 1813); **Son et Lumière**, Winchester Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, to 22 September.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Mermaid Theatre. Purple Dust**, tonight.

**Her Majesty's. Lock Up Your Daughters**, 16 August.

## BRIGGS by Graham







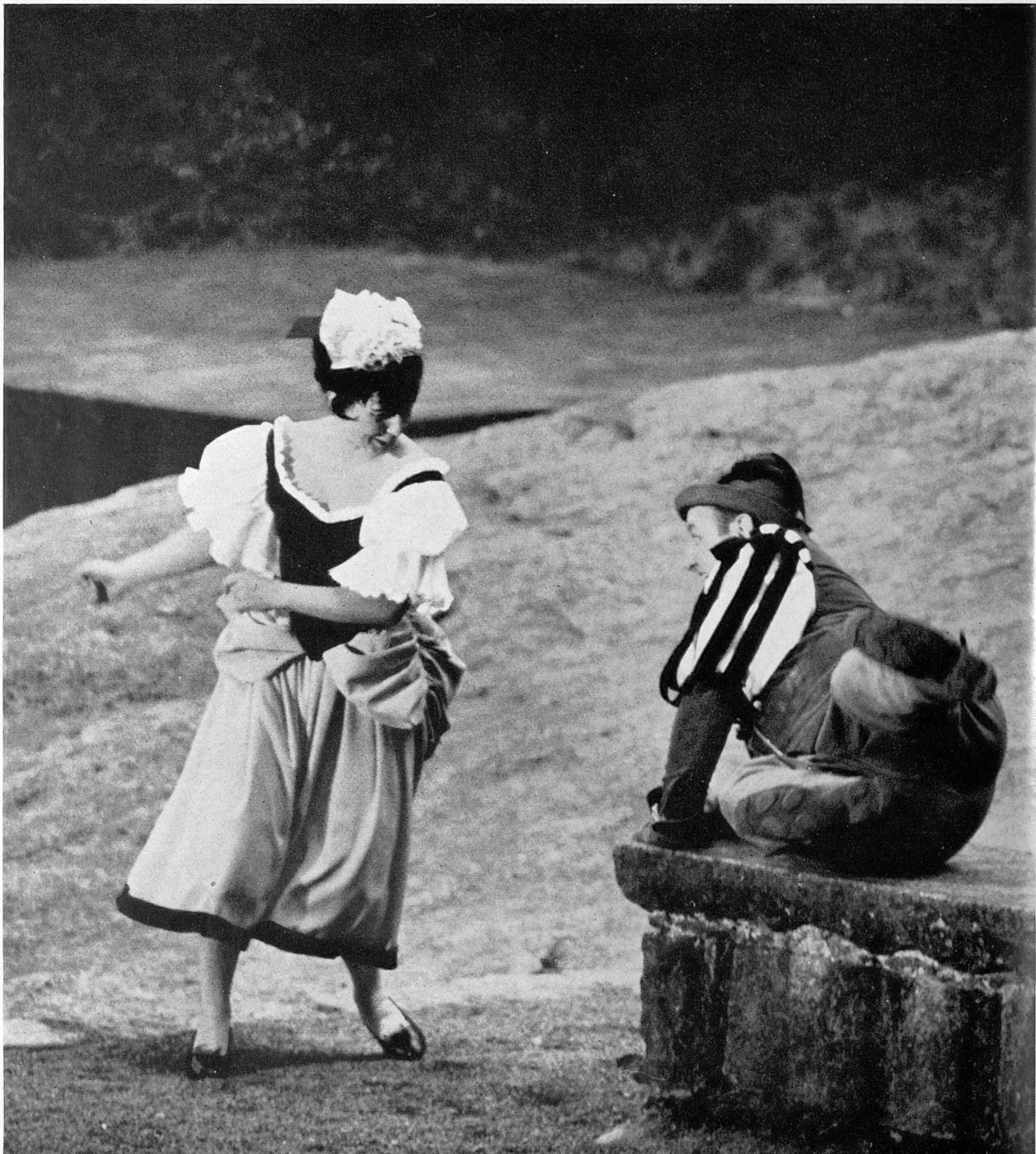
England's oldest ballet company, the Ballet Rambert, presented two new works during their season at Sadler's Wells. Above: John Chesworth as Don Quixote and John O'Brien as Sancho Panza in *Don Quixote*. Though the ballet is 60 years old, this is the first full-length production seen in this country. Left: June Sandbrook in *Conflicts* a ballet by the Rambert's young choreographer Norman Morrice, which shows how real emotions overlap balletic ones when a new work is being prepared



# Shakespeare in Germany

Shakespeare in the open air is almost a cliché of the English summer, and they do it in Germany too. Actors drawn from leading companies mount a Shakespeare play annually in the natural rock amphitheatre of the Fichtel mountains. This year the play is *Was Ihr Woll*, or *What you will*, the sub-title, of course, for *Twelfth Night*. The translation by the romantics Schlegel and Tieck makes the play sound as though it were written in German

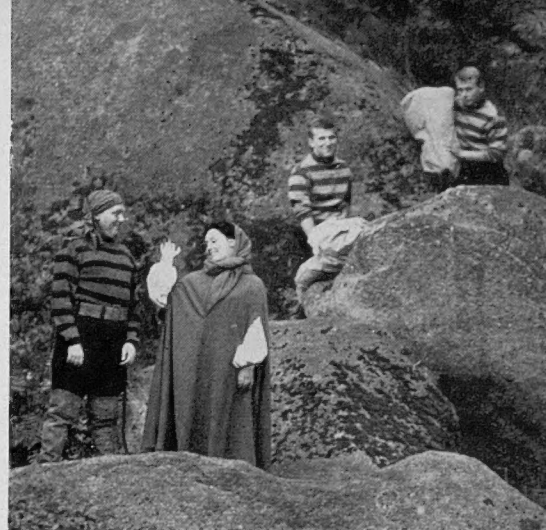
PHOTOGRAPHS: ERICH AUERBACH







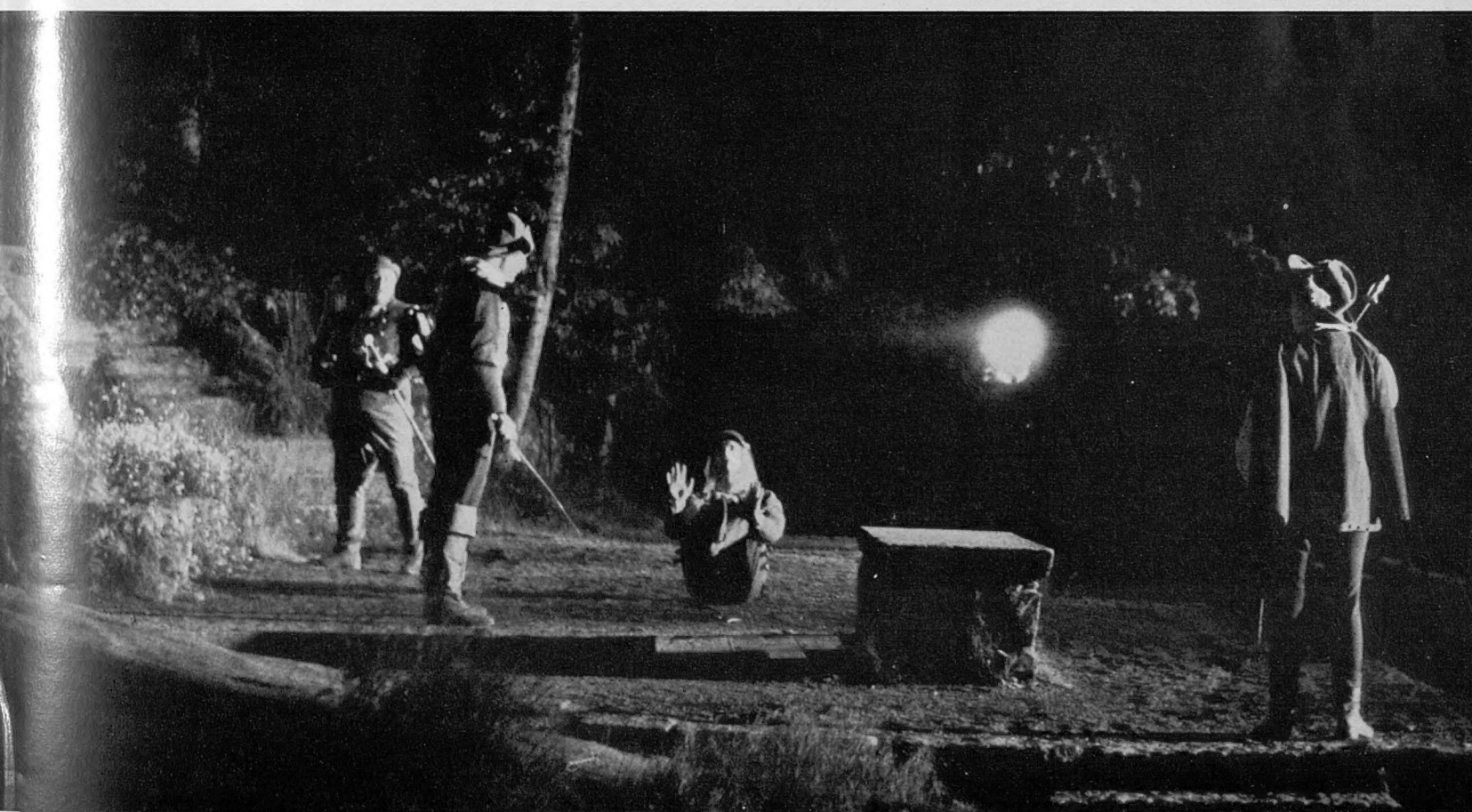
Above: "Hold thy peace." Sir Toby and Feste (Hans Korte). Left: "That quaffing and drinking will undo you." Maria (Marianne Lochert) and Sir Toby (Gustl Bayrhammer)



"This is Illyria, lady." Viola (Gisela Stein) and the sea-captain (Wolfgang Beaujeau)



"Take the fool away." Feste with Olivia (Suzanne Lynker) and Malvolio (Adolf Rebel)



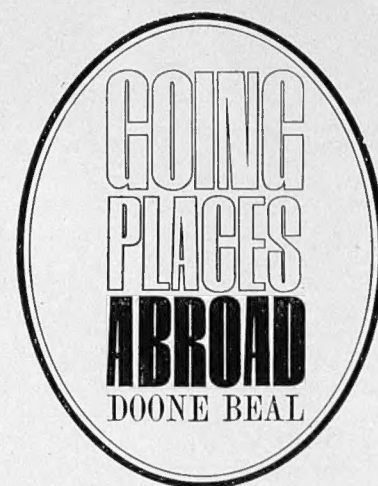
"This is as uncivil as strange." The mock-duel scene with Sir Toby, Sir Andrew (Jodoc Seidel), Viola and Fabian (Klaus Barner)





## Haven in Korčula

SOMETIMES I AM ASKED WHETHER I tire of suitcase-living. Well, there are places from which, much though I may have enjoyed them, I am happy enough to pack up and move on. Others which compel me to cancel onward plans: why search farther when you've found what you want? This compulsion seems to be peculiar to islands. I knew it the first time I saw Antigua, in the West Indies. Paros and Hydra, in the Aegean, had the same effect. So did Giglio, off the Tuscan coast. And so, emphatically and literally, did Korčula, where I arrived by boat from Dubrovnik one blazing noon a month ago. Korčula was different from any of those I have mentioned. Its Adriatic noon blazed, not with the mellow light of soft ochres which lends sensuousness to the Mediterranean, but with a special silver-&-lavender transparency, flint white and diamond sharp. The stones of the town were bleached to creams and ivories, with lovely Venetian profiles. I sat on the terrace of the hotel, promising myself a better look when the heat of the day had died down. In the meantime, I had been shown an agreeable bedroom with a balcony view over the bay to the old city. And right



below me was a rock terrace dropping straight into the sea. That was enough. That was the point at which I said I'd catch the next boat but six: the very last that could possibly connect with a passage to Venice and the flight home to London. Korčula, like its neighbours Mjlet and Hvar, lies aslant the Dalmatian coast like a great unwieldy liner, between the mainland ports of Split and Dubrovnik. To confuse the issue, the lunar hills of what looks like another island, but is in fact the Peljesac peninsula, lie across the bay so that the view is almost landlocked.

Here indeed is a tantalizing small archipelago to explore by boat. Rippling over an incred-



KORČULA: A land-locked island of ancient ceremonies and 16th-century architecture unspoiled by tourist trappings



ible clarity of water, one looks down to the dark turquoise mosaic of pebbles on the ocean bed. Badija, in a bay farther south, might well be a future mecca: the 12th-century Franciscan monastery there (at present housing students) is to be converted into a hotel, and bliss it promises. The islet of Vrnik, nearby, is famous for its quarries of white stone which went to rebuild Dubrovnik after the earthquake in 1667 and which, so the locals say, also contributed both to the White House and the Reichstag. In its present aspect, no hint of such grandiose associations is apparent: the stones lie about in the grass like some forgotten altar. Close to it, in the bay of Lumbarda, are houses which let rooms and one charming vine-roofed café where I ate slivers of raw Dalmatian ham and drank the golden local wine called Grk. I was further enchanted by a trip ashore at Orevic, on the Peljesac peninsula. By tradition, this is the favourite haunt and rest of sea captains, who retire here. Small, but essentially solid and dignified stone houses line its solitary street, nearly all of them with charming pergolas arbourised with wistaria and orange blossom. The Belle Vue hotel, slightly out of the

village, I did not visit; but its local standing is high.

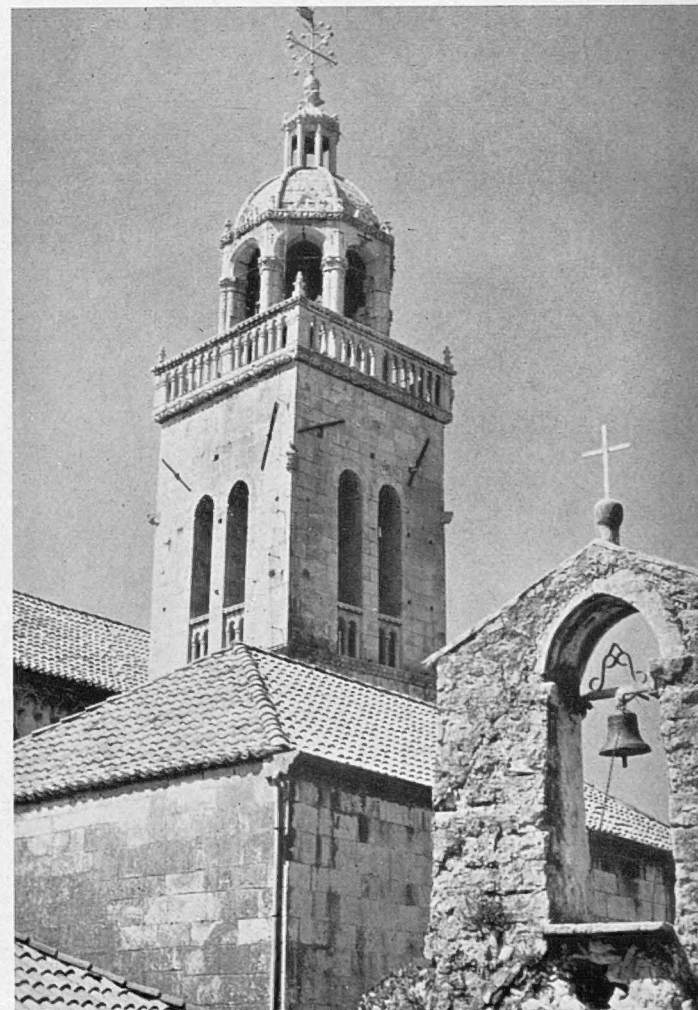
Life on the beach and in the boat kept me for longer than I had intended from the serious business of examining the town of Korčula itself. Like so many of the islands along this coast, it was the object of a 300 year struggle between the Venetians and the Hungarians, not to mention its great (but happily, unfulfilled) strategic importance to the Turks. The inhabitants dislike all three with a spirit which may well be understood. What characterizes this island, as so much of the rest of Yugoslavia, is a spirit of austerity and dignity which prefers to put up with its own privations. Heaven knows what, for better or worse, a richer and more sophisticated people could do with this raw material. For example, you don't always get fresh fruit for breakfast in the hotel. You go into the town to look for some, and find in the market place a pile of green pimentos and a dozen lemons. Everything waits for the next shipload. As I have pointed out before, Yugoslavia is not the place in which to look for the conventional amenities. But back to the point: what this island does offer is an enchanting town of the 16th century and earlier, happily devoid of

the trappings and the souvenir shops which in any other country would plague it. Flights of white balustraded stone steps lead from the heights down either side of the town to two small harbours. The Town Hall is pure 16th-century Venetian, and adjoining it is a small open chapel to the Madonna to commemorate the saving of the town against the Turks in 1571. Every other house was once, indeed, a palace, each with its coat of arms, its courtyard and its private wells and cisterns, overgrown with geraniums. Some of them are now only shells, caged gardens with trees growing through what were once reception rooms, surmounted by empty Gothic windows. The Church Museum has been only recently assembled—and what a labour of love—by the local Abbé. It contains a Tiepolo sketch, a Bellini, a Carpaccio, and some lovely ikons. More ikons are contained in the Museum attached to All Saints Church, some of them very fine indeed. They were possibly pillaged from Candia (Crete) during the Battle of Lepanto, in which many ships from Korčula took part under Don Juan of Austria. A third and equally interesting museum is the municipal one, which contains a Greek tablet

naming families which settled in Korčula as far back as 400 B.C. The town is so small and so intimate that soon you get to know everybody in it from museum curators to boatmen, and I am not being carried away when I say that they are some of the most warmhearted people I have ever met. The core of the place is the tiny bistro Planác, just behind the port. It is proclaimed from several hundred yards away by the smell of *cevnapici* and raw onions being grilled on the open spit, and they also produce delicious fish, not plain fried but done-things-with. Yugoslav food is imaginative, and sometimes very good.

The season continues until late October. The Park Hotel houses its guests in a series of new buildings away from the main body. It is clean, though not especially well run. But considering the bliss of its surroundings and the infinite pleasures of the island itself, it will do. Charges are around £3 10s. a day, full pension.

**How to get there:** BEA fly twice daily to Venice, £31 17s. by night, £39 16s. by day. Their cabin service is now some of the best. Take a main-line boat down to either Split or Dubrovnik, from which there are daily connections with Korčula.





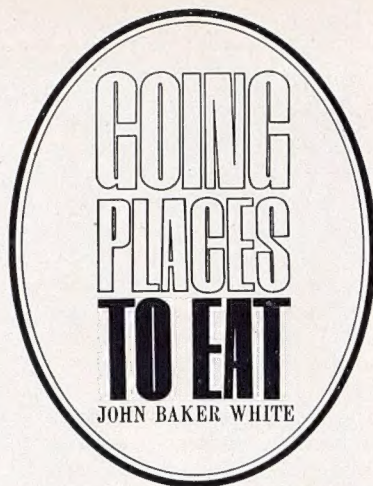
## Bristol fashion

C.S. — Closed Sundays

W.B. — Wise to book a table

**Harveys Restaurant**, Denmark Street, Bristol. Open 12 noon to 3 p.m. and 6.30 to 11 p.m. Closed all day Sundays and Mondays. Tel. 27665. This new restaurant—interior design by the Conran Design Group—can make several claims to the exceptional. It is in the cellars of an old medieval monastery, part of those used by Harveys to store their wines. There are 1,000 items on the wine list, longer than that of New York's 21 Club. It serves snails from the Mendip Hills, a delicacy enjoyed by the Romans. The prices on the menu include staff gratuities. And the restaurant has its own symbol on its china, wine lists, and elsewhere—a 17th-century galleon designed by the Marquess of Queensberry, who is Professor of Ceramics at the Royal College of Art.

The food is traditional British—I wish some restaurant keepers I know would go and have a look at the cheese trolley. Many of the wines are most reasonably priced but, if you wish, you can drink a Moët & Chandon 1911 vintage champagne at £13 per bottle, with Earl Haig's Fund reaping the profit. There are also quite a few wines at under 10s. per bottle, and 180 at £1 and under. And there are 10 examples from the great white Burgundy vineyard, Le Montrachet, and 40



German dessert wines of the highest quality. W.B.

**Trattoria Positano**, Fulham Road, Western end, close to junction with Redcliffe Gardens. This is one of the new-style Italian restaurants springing up all over London—not very large, no elaborate decor or fittings, but a good selection of well-cooked and quickly-served Italian dishes, and a sensible selection of wines to go with them. Incidentally, the Italian carafe wines are jolly good value for money, and the coffee first class. The cost is what you choose to make it, but you should be able to go home comfortably replete for about 15s., excluding wine or coffee. N.B. The speciality fish dish. **The Burghley Room**, Grosvenor House. Here John Piazzoni, one of the old school of *maitres d'hôtel*, is presenting a new dish, that I found wholly

delightful. It is *scampi*—the real thing—grilled in their shells and served with *Sauce Béarnaise*. They were preceded by melon with Parma ham, and followed by a peach. And to drink? Before and during the meal, a Louis Jadot 1955 Corton Charlemagne, a wine of splendid quality. Some people would call it a plain meal. Perhaps it was, but to my mind perfection on a summer's day, and I would make no complaint about eating it at any time of the year. By the way, the Burghley Room is open on Sundays in the summer.

... and a reminder

**The Georgian**, 73 Wigmore Street. (WEL 1758.) Worth remembering for a light meal when shopping in these parts.

**Connaught Hotel**, grill room Carlos Place. (GRO 7070.) A good place to take your friends from abroad; not cheap but good value.

**La Speranza**, 179 Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) The sort of restaurant where one generation follows another; and the food is mainly Italian and French.

**Trattoria Il Porcellino**, 169 Fulham Road, junction with Sydney Place. (KNI 8413.) Music and noise combined with sound Italian cooking and reasonable prices.

**Brompton Grill**, 243 Brompton Road. (KEN 8005.) Maintains the high standard it has kept for many years.

## CABARET CALENDAR

**Pigalle** (REG 7746). New song-&-dance floor show The Roaring Twenties stars Jill Day. Twice nightly, the large cast includes the Pigalle dancers, mannequins, showgirls and other featured turns

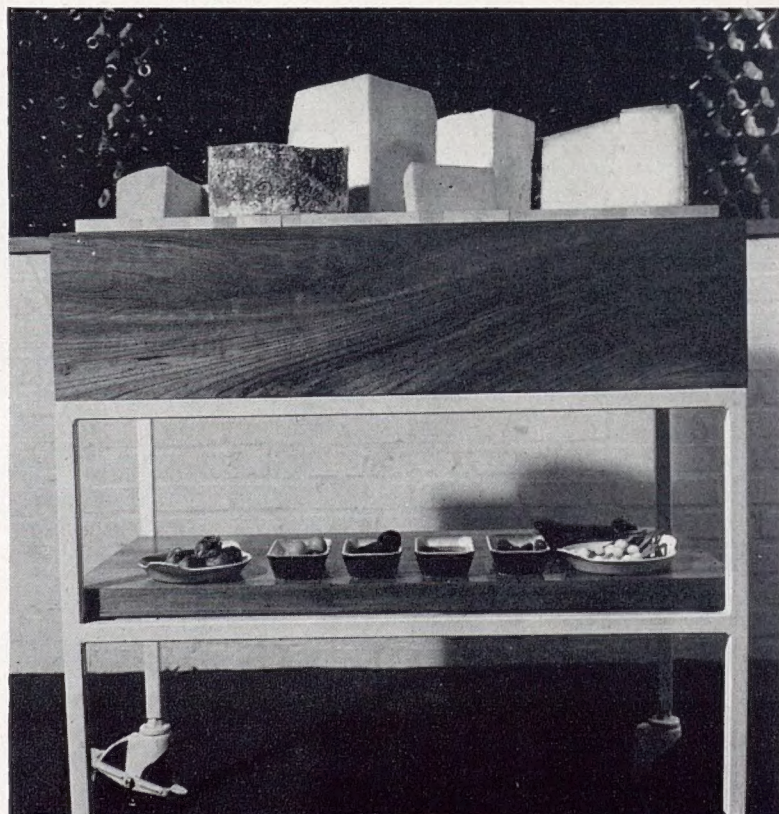
**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051). Frankie Vaughan in his first West End cabaret date. Plus, at 10 o'clock, the spectacular floorshow on an even bigger arena

**Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel** (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet, plus vocalist Susan Maughan

**Establishment** (GER 8111). Satirical blood-letting in sketches and songs nightly. John Fortune, John Bird, Jeremy Geidt and singer Carole Simpson



Toni Eden is appearing at The Room at the Top, Ilford



Two views of Harveys Restaurant in Bristol. The cheese trolley (right) was specially created by the Conran Design Group for this restaurant. John Baker White notes it above



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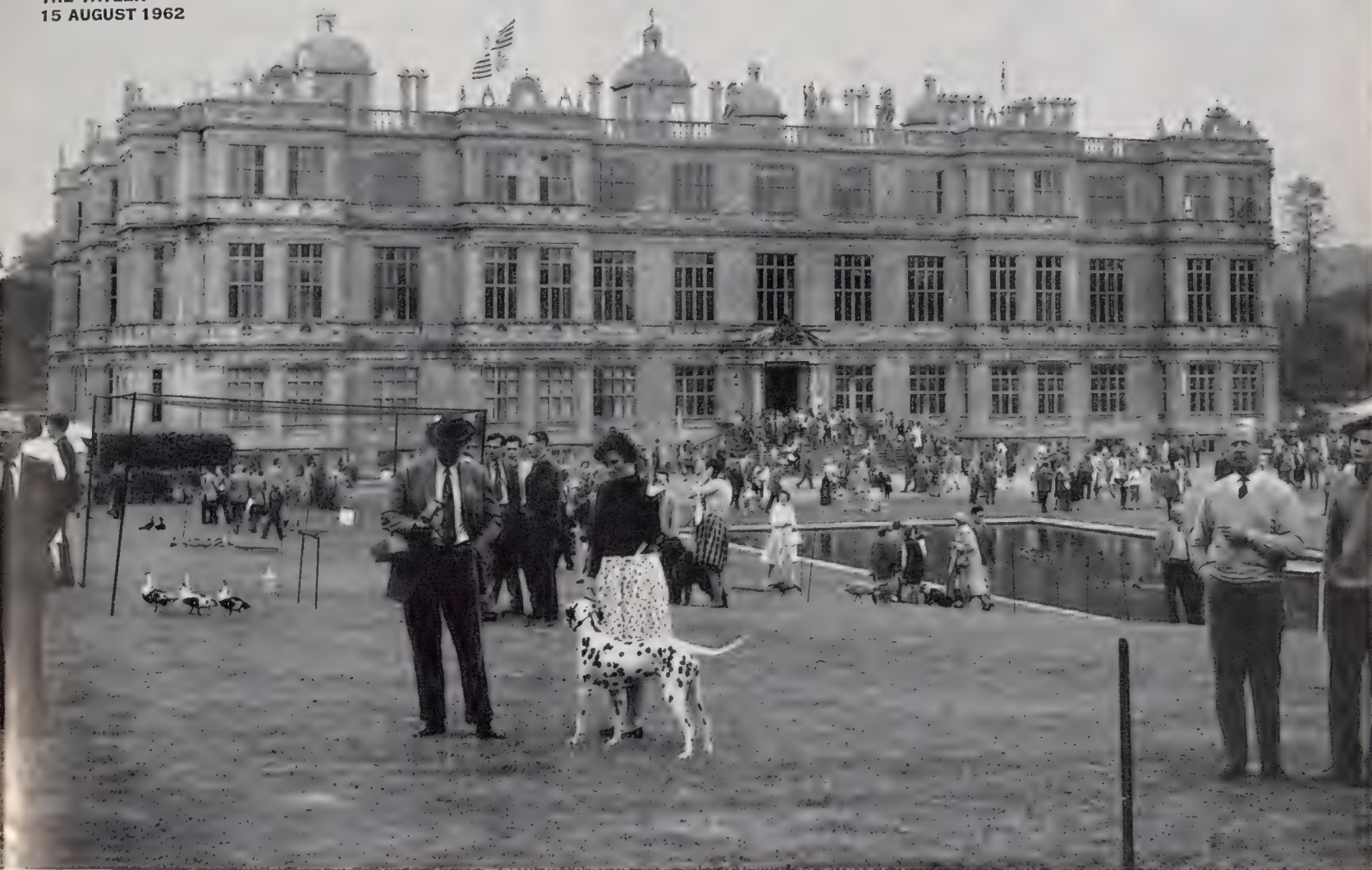
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THE TATLER  
15 AUGUST 1962

# GAME FAIR AT LONGLEAT



Longleat, the home of the Marquess of Bath, was the setting for this year's Game Fair. A record crowd saw exhibitions of falconry, archery and gun-dog trials. There was a fishing competition and the lawns in front of the house (above) were scattered with pens of game birds. Left: Col. S. A. F. Egerton, chairman of the Game Fair Committee, and the essential signpost



GAME FAIR AT LONGLEAT CONTINUED



*Mr. Lorant de Bastyai showed his hawk eagle in the falconry*



*Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing*



*The Marchioness of Bath and her daughter Lady Silvy Thynne*



*Right: Mrs. G. Woollard with two of her pointers*





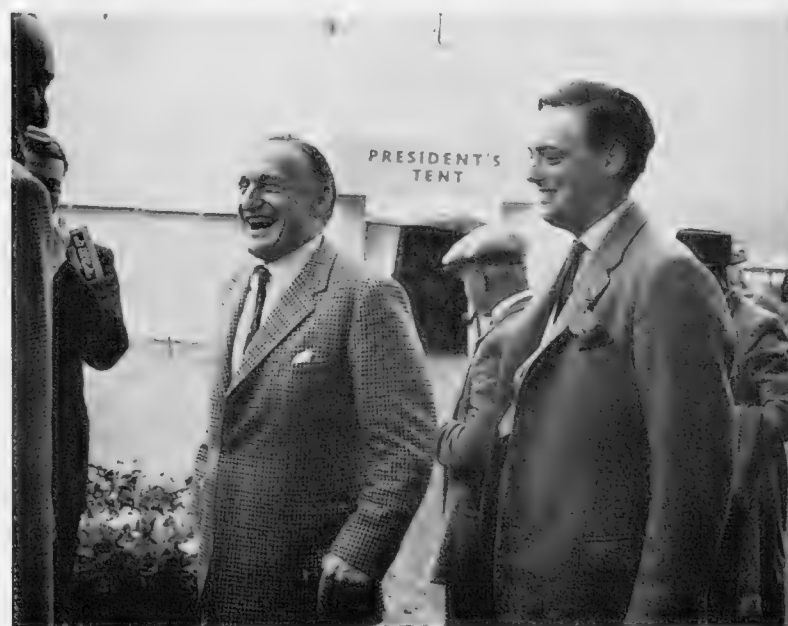
*Dr. J. B. Maurice, the doctor at Marlborough College, with his two English setters*



*Mr. James Hardy demonstrates fly casting on Half Mile Pond to Mrs. T. Barclay*



*Brig. T. Pepys, Field Sports Society secretary, and Col. Tim Powell*



*The Marquess of Exeter—next year's Fair will be held at his seat, Burghley House—and his son-in-law, Mr. Giles Floyd*





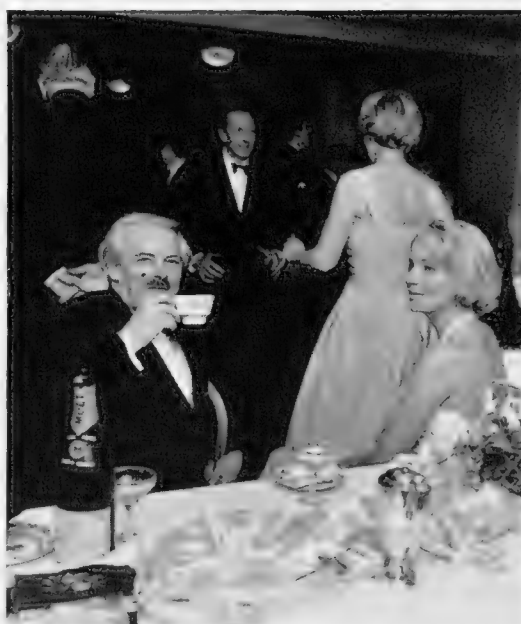
# Surrey Union Summer Ball

A mammoth twist competition, a diving competition and the selection of Miss Surrey Union from the prettiest girls there contributed to the success of the Surrey Union Hunt's Summer Ball held at Woolpits, Ewhurst. Dancing was in a marquee, and in the open air; a trio played by the swimming pool

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Jayne Harries, Mrs. William Harries, who was chairman of the ball, and Major Edward Stuart-Hunt, whose wife is the Master of the Surrey Union



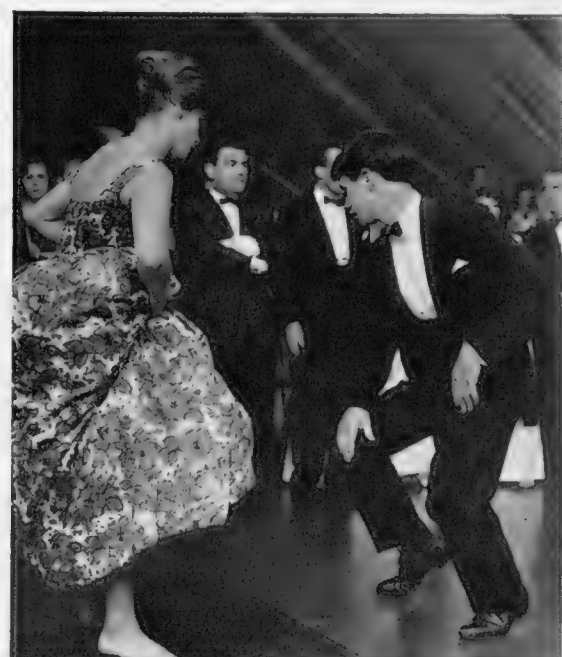
Mrs. Gay Kindersley and Mr. Frederick French



Miss Melanie Lowson and Mrs. John Motion



Captain Timothy Thompson and Miss Diane Clarke, who had just won the "Miss Surrey Union" competition



Mr. Michael Waller and Miss Judy Humble twisting in the marquee



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MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

---

THAT UNIQUE EVENT OF THE SPORTING calendar, the Game Fair, has never had a lovelier setting—or a bigger crowd—than when it took place this year at Longleat, Wiltshire. The great scenic beauty of the park created by “Capability” Brown for the Bath family was the most exotic background for the fly-casting, shooting, falconry, gundog tests, and the many other things which give country life its special flavour.

The Fair, which began at Stetchworth near Newmarket in 1958 and attracted a total of 8,500 people, comfortably exceeded this figure on the first of the two days at Longleat.

There was a great gathering of sportsmen and women: the MARQUESS & MARCHIONESS OF BATH (whose receipts from the additional half-crown visitors to the house, compensated I hope for the loss of their grass!), the HON. LADY HILL-WOOD, LT.-COL. ESMOND DRURY, COL. A. A. JOHNSON (he had an exhibition of varieties of waterfowl), MRS. AUDREY RADCLYFFE, and LADY SIMPSON.

Still more were Mr. & Mrs. BILL FINLAY, over from Ireland, COL. N. V. STOPFORD SACKVILLE, chairman of next year's Game Fair which is to be held at Burghley, Lincs, the EARL & COUNTESS OF NORTHESK, Mr. PETER SCOTT and Mr. CHARLES MORRISON & THE HON. MRS. MORRISON. He organized the parade of sporting dogs with great thoroughness and it was one of the biggest crowd-pullers.

What has proved to be the great strength of the Game Fair is that each year it is held in a different part of the country and with a different chairman. Though nobody will admit to this, it has produced the will to do better each year. This year's Fair was a tribute to all those incredibly long hours of voluntary work put in by committee members and especially the chairman himself, LT.-COL. S. A. F. EGERTON.

Human interests, such as the shooting tuition for schoolboys, were much to the fore. And what a good idea it was to have the Women's Institute demonstrate rare and interesting game recipes. Apart from this, the morsels which they dispensed were greatly appreciated by those of us who found ourselves later having to queue for a meal!

## DREAM OF A BALL

The Summer Ball of the Surrey Union Hunt was every bit as good as 40 minutes over the best country Surrey can provide. It took place at Woolpits, one time home of the Doulton china family, now a prep school; a house looking down on a large stretch of Surrey Union country from a high plateau.

Guests came in their hundreds, and one and all seemed to say the same thing: “It's a dream.” There was a Left Bank night club by the pool, diving contests at midnight and twisting in “The Den.” And to top it all there was a barbecue breakfast, due at 3 a.m. but taking place nearer to 5 a.m., provided by a corps of chefs.

Master mind behind this extravaganza was Mrs. WILLIAM HARRIES. She's often identified as the wife of the financier, but he may find himself looking to his laurels now that he's got an impresario in the family.

Like a good hunt there were plenty of exciting moments. Though there were stiff obstacles to overcome it wasn't really a surprise that Miss DIANE CLARKE captured the “Miss Surrey Union” title as the best looker among the Surrey Union's hunting girls. However there was a cocked eyebrow or two when Miss PENNY STUART-HUNT, daughter of the Master, Mrs. TED STUART-HUNT, won the Twist contest. After all, they said, she is only just out of school. But to me this indicated that girls' schools are a great deal more human than they used to be. Laugh of the evening was when Mr. NEVILLE CLIFFORD-JONES, the Hunt's honorary secretary, won the donkey in the tombola. But Mr. Clifford-Jones had the last laugh. He's got young children, and what better than a donkey to keep them out of mischief?

## CLOTH-OF-GOLD WEDDING

In getting a son-in-law I'm sorry to say that Mr. DOUGLAS RILEY-SMITH has not increased the potential of his Brewhurst polo team. Mr. GEORGE COURTAULD who married Miss DOMINIE RILEY-SMITH at St. Margaret's, Westminster, will not be turning out with a bright Brewhurst shirt, and a polo

stick. “He does not even ride,” said Mrs. RILEY-SMITH. “But we like him very much as he is.” Brewhurst though must continue to shine. Mr. Riley-Smith has five sons and his wife expects another baby in September.

For her wedding Miss Riley-Smith wore a cloth-of-gold dress of specially woven French material and designed by Norman Hartnell. But it was her headdress which made the sharpest break with tradition. It was a cloth-of-gold Guardsman's helmet with chin strap and falling from it on either side was a cascade of buff coloured tulle.

It was a day that the rain came. But so did the guests: SIR JOHN & LADY HENDERSON, MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID & LADY KATHARINE DAWNAY, MAJOR & MRS. DEREK WIGAN, Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY TENNANT, Mr. & Mrs. RALPH HARBORD, CAPT. & Mrs. JOHN HODGES, and LADY EDEN. It was while she was staying with Lady Eden's daughter ELFRIDA in London that Miss Riley-Smith met her future husband at a charity ball which her hostess was helping to run. Still more guests: MAJOR CECIL DRABBLE, EARL & COUNTESS SONDES, Mrs. EDWARD LANE FOX, Miss ANGELA BERKELEY-OWEN, Mr. & Mrs. ADAM BUTLER, LADY ALEXANDRA SMITH, and Mr. RANULF RAYNER and his fiancée, Miss DIANA GORT.

The honeymoon is being spent in Madeira. On their return to England they will live in a furnished house in Derbyshire for six months, at the end of which he is due to be posted elsewhere for the family firm.

## JUMPING IN THE RAIN

Another successful International Horse Show. But what a disastrously wet day it was for the big event, the Nations Cup team jumping. At half-time people scurried into the members' restaurant for tea. A little sheepishly they glanced at the bar but settled at the tea tables. But it is wonderful to watch how one courageous man can get everybody to pluck up courage. MAJOR PETER BORWICK, joint-Master of the Pytchley, came in, ignored the tea tables, went up to the bar and ordered himself a very large Scotch. The tea business was bad after that.



# Speeches and a farewell

Canon F. J. Shirley, headmaster for 27 years of The King's School, Canterbury, retired on this year's Speech Day. Parents queued to say goodbye to him at the garden party in Green Court, after listening to speeches in the Assembly Hall

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



*Christopher Cain, C. R. C. Tayler, J. Pollet, N. J. Ring, M. P. Scofield and J. M. Grummant wait outside the Assembly Hall for the speeches*





*Lucy Draycott with her brother Richard*



*Mrs. R. G. Wilson and her son J. R. Wilson leave for home at the end of Speech Day*



*Parents and boys listening to the speeches outside the Assembly Hall*



*The head boy, Michael Morpurgo*



*Canon F. J. Shirley, the retiring headmaster, saying goodbye to a pupil*



# Hats at a wedding



The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Miss Dominie Riley-Smith and Mr. George Courtauld. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith (left) of Loxwood, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. George Courtauld (above left) of Colne Engaine, Essex

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



*Miss Mary Archer-Shee*



*Miss Angela Berkeley-Owen*



*Miss Victoria Duff*



*The Countess of Brecknock*



# Seine soirée

*Because she wanted to keep her Paris address a secret, Audrey Hepburn hired a bateau mouche moored on the Seine to give a cocktail party. Here she is on deck with Jack Lemmon and William Holden (right) who helped her welcome guests aboard. The three stars are starting work together on a film Paris When It Sizzles*







# WELCOME FOR THE WINANTS

Top: Winants Anne W. Kinsolving from New York, who is working at the Magdalen College Club, Euston, and Michael F. Dicus from San Antonio, Texas, who is at the Durning Hall Club, E.7, with S. Zabriskie. Right: Miss Rachel Alexander, who lives at Aubrey House, with Catherine C. Cocroft of the University of Georgia. Her assignment is at the Mayflower Family Centre, Canning Town







Left: Mrs. Pakenham-Walsh, whose son was evacuated to America during the war, with Henrietta B. Bowen from Jacksonville, Florida. Her assignment is at the Mayflower Centre

Below left: Catherine Cocroft, Susan B. Cole, assistant secretary of the Winants, the Rev. P. B. "Tubby" Clayton and Louis N. Cook from Texas who is helping at the Winant Trinity Square H.Q.

Below: Sarah F. Hadden and Phyllis F. Denny, both from Westbury, Long Island, with a guest. Miss Hadden is helping at the Beauchamp Lodge Settlement in Harrow Road; Miss Denny at the Bernhard Baron Settlement, E.1

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES



The annual garden party for the Winant Volunteers—groups of young American college students who at their own expense come over to England each year to help young people in various clubs and settlements—was held at Aubrey House, W.8. Scheme began 15 years ago





# THE PARTY PLANNERS

Report by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim

## THE SETTING

Mrs. Antony Buck, wife of the Conservative M.P. for Colchester, is planning a birthday party for her two-year-old daughter Louisa. They live in her husband's constituency, in a square grey house swathed in wistaria. This will be the first proper party Louisa has had. As Mrs. Buck says, "there's not much point at one - at that age it's more of a party for the mothers." If it's a sunny day she plans to have the party in the stable yard at the back of the house: "If they're all outside, the mothers don't have to worry about their child throwing jelly on someone else's carpet," and there will be small swings and chutes. Not more than 12 babies will be invited - "that means a party of 24 people, allowing each child one mother or nanny, which is pretty essential."

## THE ATMOSPHERE

"It has to be as informal as possible - the more formal it is, the more worried you get about what awful thing your child is about to do. In some ways giving a party for two-year-olds is easiest of all - there's no point in organizing games - what they mostly do is play by themselves, taking very little notice of the other guests."

## SERVICE

"You need very little at this kind of party - the children are clamped into their feeding chairs, and the mother stands behind and picks out the kind of food she knows her child will eat without making a shaming fuss."

## CELLAR

"Milk, orange, lemon or blackcurrant juice - blackcurrant seems to be the favourite now - they all scream for it. Nothing fizzy, unless you want all your guests hiccupping."

## GUESTS' GUIDE

(what is expected from them in the way of conversation). "I think the mothers have to help - it's no use standing around thinking it's her party, let her get on with it. Unless you've got years of training behind you, twelve two-year-olds are too much for one person to deal with. What the mothers really want to do is talk about their own child, pausing occasionally to let someone else get a word in. The babies don't speak to each other at all, of course, just shout 'More' or 'Cake'."

## VITAL KITCHEN GADGET

"I have three that I seem to use most; a pair of scissors, a small old knife, and those metal tongs to pick things up with."

## SPECIALITY OF THE HOUSE

"It seems to be essential that children this young are given food that doesn't look like food - cakes in the shape of houses, fishes, boats. And it must be bright, big, and in rather vulgar colours. Also they've started developing a list of likes and dislikes at that age, and they're only too ready to make their feelings plain, so there's got to be plenty of variety to choose from; savoury as well as sweet. One of Louisa's favourite party things is a cake that looks like mushrooms in a field; the basis is green jelly (lime), which is made, allowed to set, then chopped up. Peeled bananas that have been cut in half make the stalks of the mushrooms, and the tops are halved meringues. Very simple and very popular - I remember having it as a child myself."







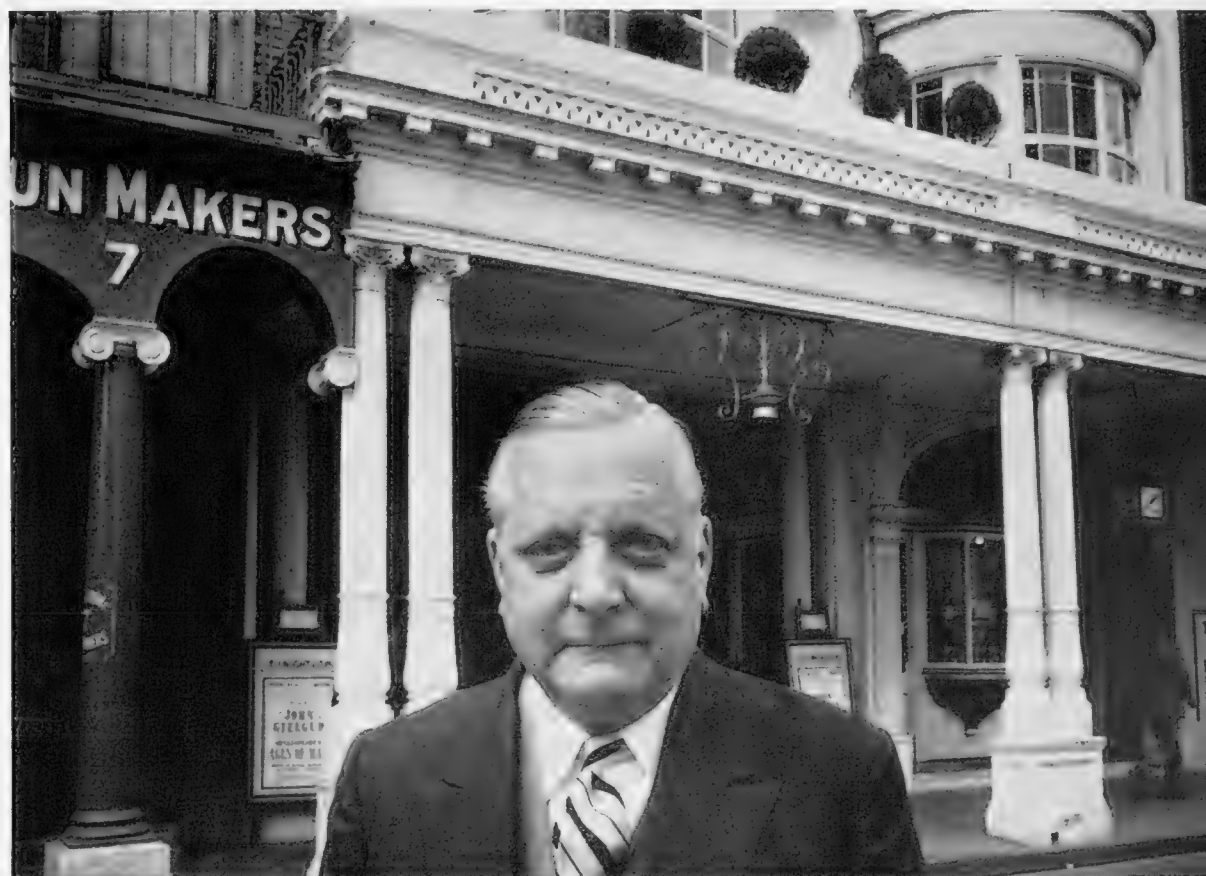


Dora Bryan enjoys the beach. She walks her own son William John, now three months, on it and learns her lines there (right)—she opens in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in London on Monday—because it gives her a break from the telephone (far right). Married to cricketer Bill Lawton, Dora Bryan has two adopted children, Daniel and Georgina—in the nursery (left). An annexe of their home—once a hotel—is devoted to the children. She is seen there (centre right) feeding William John



It started when the Prince Regent installed Mrs. Fitz there; today a glittering clutch of actors, writers and artists prefer this sea-washed town that has everything of London but the problems and smog. Jack Esten took the pictures

Jack Keats is the manager of the Brighton Theatre Royal, has been for 27 years. Few stars—including those who live in the town—have not appeared there and it is their verdict that Brighton audiences are the most critical and appreciative—if Brighton likes it, London will



## LIVING IN BRIGHTON







Bill Owen started life as a printer's apprentice, worked his way through rep to films (he has made over 50), and now lives, with his wife, ex-actress Edith Stevenson, in one of Brighton's fine Regency houses. Furnished almost entirely in period, one of the treasures is (right) the ornamented grand piano. It has a practical purpose; Mrs. Owen plays while Bill rehearses. The mantelpiece (above right) is reproduction Nash—he designed the front of the house which stands in a crescent looking towards the sea







Brenda Bruce and her husband, Roy Rich, controller of programmes for Southern TV, live in a 17th-century windmill on a steep hill in the centre of the town. The house is tailored with realism to the destructive potential of their three lively children, twins Genet and Casey (in light jeans) and Jonjo—uncovered floors, bamboo furniture. Successful TV and stage star, Brenda Bruce finds Brighton has advantages of rural life, but within painless distance of London, where she pursues her stage career







Viscount Maugham (author and traveller Robin Maugham) lives on the top floor of a Regency terrace house on the border between Brighton and Hove. The 45-year-old nephew of novelist Somerset Maugham commutes daily—by car—to his Chelsea house: "Door to door. I don't find it too difficult." He resents the "concrete monstrosities" he can see from his bedroom window, but from the front looks over the sea and the West Pier where he enjoys strolling and taking advantage of entertainment offered. His flat is decorated with prints and paintings: "Just things one can live with"





Alan Melville, writer, wit, actor, has an elegant house in Clifton Terrace. "This is the only place I want to live." He grows orchids, collects antiques and insists on commuting by train; "More time to think and easier on the nervous system." He has a married couple to keep house for him and his two dachshunds, but prefers to do his own cooking. He made his debut on the stage only two years ago, though already an experienced television showman, and received £500 a week for it. Regrets he hadn't much money when he moved to Brighton: "I could have bought any of these houses for a song"





"WILL THE DOG BE SWIMMING?" ASKED THE ticket collector at Euston. The dreamlike quality of my journey to Killegar, which was quickly to become nightmarish, had begun already. I had met my sister, as we had arranged, under the clock at 9.15 a.m. Every seat was booked, it had transpired the previous day, on every flight to Dublin in the immediate and not-so-immediate future, and flying would in any case have been complicated with Lupin, my sister's mongrelly terrier. So we had decided for better or worse—and it turned out to be for worse—on the day boat to Dun Laoghaire; sailing tickets had been acquired, seat reservations made. I was sleepy-eyed and unbreakfasted. "How do you mean, *swimming*?" we inquired foolishly; at which the funny ticket collector pointed out that Lupin's ticket—though we had asked for one to Dublin—was valid only to Holyhead. "Come on, we've time to change it," I said; we had 10 minutes till the train would leave. We headed for the booking office.

The dreamlike quality continued. Firstly the new dog ticket for the longer journey, with which we were now issued, was two shillings *cheaper* (I swear) than the one we handed in. How can this be possible? "Don't ask me to explain," said the man behind the grille; so we gratefully accepted his unexpected florin without another word and made our way to the train. Secondly, on the platform, a grown man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a big bushy beard was seeing off some friends. But he was wearing grey flannel shorts, a bootlace bow-tie, a striped schoolboy's blazer, and a schoolboy's cap to match, several sizes too small for him; and he had a high-pitched, squeaky voice. As the train began to move, he trotted along beside it, comically flapping his arms and squeaking his goodbyes. His friends gave him a cheer and everyone was laughing. We were on our way to Ireland.

The laughter was soon over. Heavens, what a journey! It must be 15 years since

I last set forth on this fearful Odyssey by way of Holyhead; I had become so accustomed to the relative comfort of flying, which takes 100 minutes instead of half-a-day (even though one is occasionally diverted to Manchester), that I'd forgotten just how dreadful the Irish Mail can be. The only way to preserve sanity, I maintain, is to treat it as a joke. The train was completely packed, with unfortunate latecomers travelling in the guard's van or standing in the corridor. It was to take over seven hours to reach Holyhead—with only one stop, of about three minutes at Crewe—and I was eagerly looking forward to breakfast and/or lunch. But was there any dining car? This is the first joke played by British Railways: of course not! Drinks or light refreshments? Nothing of the kind! The train pulled into Crewe and a cataract of famished travellers poured forth, to be greeted by a second joke: no tea-wagon on the platform, nor facilities of any kind. Moreover the guard at once began blowing his whistle to frighten us back on the train. (Somewhere, I suppose, there was the usual refreshment room with the usual stale sandwiches, but nobody dared to venture so far.) My sister, happily, had packed a picnic meal and a vacuum flask which she heroically shared with me; others were less lucky.

We arrived at Holyhead only an hour late. There were exactly two porters. All the passengers—perhaps there were 500 of us, already faint with hunger—were then marshalled into a queue for the privilege of boarding the boat. The queue moved forward at a snail's pace; some were in it for an hour, lugging their suitcases with them. Why, Dr. Beeching, is this queue of yours necessary? Why shouldn't everybody simply walk aboard? There was no Customs inspection to hold us up, and all of us had the sailing tickets which, we had been told, were absolutely essential (and which had been a great nuisance to obtain). Yet nobody asked to see them; the boat wasn't nearly full. The biggest joke

of the lot, however, was yet to come.

On board the Cambria, I discovered with delight that there was a bar and a dining-room. But unfortunately I fell instantly asleep in the very comfortable cabin which I took in a moment of extravagance: 25 bob for the four-hour crossing. Somehow I didn't wake up until we were 40 minutes from Dun Laoghaire. The bar and the dining-room had already been closed.

After just 12 hours of travelling, we were released from our prison-ship—also run by British Railways—to the welcoming arms of the Customs officers. (Nobody meeting the boat is even allowed on the pier.) By now there had been induced in everyone, as seemed to have been the general intention from the outset, a universal wrath and indignation which added up to a conviction that never again, under any conceivable circumstances, would we travel this route to Ireland—or *any* route, I fear, in many cases. Amid scenes of chaos, our suitcases were systematically searched by taciturn inspectors, though I was unable to imagine what on earth they could be looking for—cigarettes and drinks, and almost everything else, are far cheaper in Ireland. They certainly never found anything, as far as I could tell, with this single exception: an unhappy camper had several rashers of bacon with him—I imagine he intended to fry them later that evening. They were instantly confiscated.

By a great piece of luck, I managed to get a porter, the only one I saw. He hadn't got a barrow, but he manfully carried most of our baggage the full length of the pier; my sister and I, between us, managed the rest. And here, heaven be praised, Johnnie was waiting for us with the Vauxhall; we gratefully piled in, and headed off for Dublin. A very brief stop at the Shelbourne for some necessary sustenance, and we departed on the final lap: 87 miles in driving rain to Killegar. It was well after 1 a.m. when we arrived there.

**Lord Kilbracken**

# By nightmare to Dublin



VIC SINGH

Whiter-than-white-milk glass lamp with a base that lights up, too, from Laszlo Hoenig, South Audley Street: £68. Here is a fascination of painted crystal tables and plaques—some are unevenly edged, others smooth or with a concave bend to the glass, and they all glow with a glassy brilliance. There are all kinds of fantastic glass from Fontana Arte of Milan exclusive to Laszlo Hoenig, plus a fistful of goodlooking furniture

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Graeco-Roman slab of the Maenad is one of four of the new ready-to-buy castings from the British Museum. This one looks like cool, cheesy marble, is in oxychloride cement, and the metal objects are simulated by metal powder suspended in a solution of synthetic resin. Formerly the British Museum casts were in plaster, to order only, but these new synthetics make

weather resistant casts that don't break easily like plaster. A collection of these casts is planned; the other one in the picture is a Greek head of Eros dating from the fourth century B.C., which has the same convincing touch of translucent marble. Slab and head each cost 8 gns.

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Tapio Wirkkala has made a break-through in dining design. This Finnish architect produces cutlery, china and glass with a carry-through theme. A melon-like ridging appears on the white porcelain and handles of the cutlery and on the thickish base of the goblet-like glasses. The plates are Berlin black right through. The large black plate, ten-inch white and soup cup and saucer in the picture cost £1 17s. 10d., 11s. 2d. and £1 12s. 1d. Spoons, forks and knives cost £4 12s. 2d. each.

Glasses in three sizes (not shown) cost £2 3s., £2 1s. and £1 11s. 6d., from Rosenthal Studio House, Brompton Road

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Dazzling white ceramic urn to hang on a wall plus candle holders (£7 10s.). Big white urn with a trailing of leaves and fruit (8 gns.), both from Casa Pupo, who have moved into a swish new shop at 60 Pimlico Road; everything Spanish and a lot of dead white and hot colour set in a shop that is departmentalized into interlocking levels. Full marks for the no-sooner-seen-than-bought rugs on a swing-through rail, the mirror alcoved patio of garden stuff, the fizzing colours of the ceramics in the cave, the small back room of boutiquey things which has been seriously depleted since one customer almost bought the lot

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



*The biggest fashion outing for the littlest chic set photographed by Jennifer Lurzon*



# JUNIOR LEAGUE



*Above:* Play-dress in candy stripes of sugar pink, yellow and pale tangerine poplin. Big patch pocket and crisp little Peter Pan collar. Designed in the U.S.A. by Helen Lee. From a selection at Liberty

*Left:* Sports-day best. Silky cotton weave in tan, grey and black stripes on white. Dress braided in black. Helen Lee at Liberty, size 26, £10 11s. 6d.

*Far left:* Younger than springtime frocks in delicate fabrics. Small girl's dress in snowy white cotton voile with baby blue bows stitched on the collar and pockets, little sissy frills in white lace. From £7 10s. 6d. for size 20. White broderie anglaise dress mounted on horizontal bands of pale blue satin ribbon, lace frill trim and blue satin bow at the waist and on the shoulders. From £10 2s. 6d. for size 18. Both from Fortnum & Mason





*Opposite page:* Hyacinth misty organdie with wide hemline over lace-trimmed petticoats. Petal pink velvet ribbon streamers from the neckline, and crystal buttoning down the back. Fortnum & Mason, £9 5s. in size 22

*Below left:* Tea-time partners in cotton. Big girl's plaid tunic suit has a box-pleated skirt with elasticized band at the waist and sleeveless top adorned with one big pocket. In red, white and blue check. Little sister in turquoise smock embroidered with one long-stemmed daisy worn over simple white short-sleeved dress. Both by Helen Lee from a selection at Liberty. Sticky cakes, Fortnum & Mason

*Below:* Sister dresses ready to fill a social diary on the junior scale from now until next year. Each in a pink and blue garden flower cotton print, each tied with a wide blue silk sash. Junior version, £5 11s. 6d. for a six-year-old. Elder sister, £7 5s. for an eight-year-old. Designed by Helen Lee for Liberty





Bouffant party twosome in palest pink and grey cotton flower print etched in white lace. Wide hem-line band of dew-pink with side panels on the younger sister dress, and front panel of pink cotton on the other. Flat, tiny bows at the waist. Both to order from Fortnum & Mason



Hungarian-born the Hon. Mrs. Dominic Elliot, daughter-in-law of the Earl & Countess of Minto, was married this summer. As Countess Bunny Esterhazy she lived before her marriage at Beaulieu in the South of France and developed her flair for languages—she is fluent in five.



# DRESSING WITH DASH

YOUNG WIVES IN FASHION

Bunny Elliot makes the most of her delicate complexion and large brown eyes by dressing with tremendous chic and a quiet emphasis on simple good grooming. A few good suits are the basis of her clothes plan, each beautifully cut and with a life-span of about half-a-dozen seasons. Most of her clothes come from Marie-Thérèse, an excellent dressmaker in Nice. The strong taste for unfussiness is obvious in a trousseau collection of four magnificent evening dresses, and her white gauze wedding gown by Jacques Heim when adapted will make the fifth.

Mrs. Elliot is photographed in the setting of her Belgravia mews house for these pictures by Alec Murray.

Above: Fashion natural—the dress and jacket to cover numerous occasions in a crowded diary. In rose pink tweed, the dress has a sleeveless top and front-panel skirt, the semi-fitted jacket with soft shoulders and buttons in glossy black braid. Only addition: three-strand pearl necklace. Hair-dos created specially for this feature by René.

A summery ballgown (right) is chosen in ice blue gauze and has a just-below-ankle-length skirt. Single white rose at the waist is matched by white silk pumps. Cover-up: ruffle-edged cape for a dramatic entrance which fastens with a small, neat bow at the back. A bib necklace designed for the dress is mother-of-pearl in a setting of pale blue stones





Since her marriage in the spring of this year, Fiona Laidlaw Thomson has become a model girl poised on one of the higher rungs of the success ladder. Her husband is stockbroker Richard Stanes, and the setting for this picture is their new house in Campden Hill. At 20, Fiona Stanes has developed a sophisticated

approach to fashion. Favourite colour in day clothes is a bold shocking pink; for night, stark drama of black and white. Alec Murray took this picture of Fiona in black velvet dinner suit from Belinda Bellville's Autumn Collection. The sleeveless chemise top is in scalloped white ribbon lace and the skirt is cut to ankle length.



GOOD LOOKS  
BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Ultima fans can now cleanse with a matching emollient cleanser which looks like a thick glossy cream and liquefies into nothing on the skin: 18s. 6d. Revlon

John London are just putting the final touch (a room for beauty treatments) to their corridor-like salon in Manover Square, which has thoughtful things like comfortable chaise longue chairs for the drier. A control panel under the drier that switch any switches makes drier captivity less irritating because you can, at the touch of a button, order coffee or summon an assistant without all those muffled cries and signals for those reverberating belts that trim hip-lines

Dumas now have a light and airy salon in Kensington at 1c Palace Gate which could be the hairdresser-next-door for people who live in this area. The driers are notably quiet and quick, decor relaxing, prices pleasant (13s. 6d. for a shampoo and set)

Deodorant-plus: Orlane's Deodorant is good for a delicate skin because it is unscented and non-drying. The pink dispenser is built on the ball-point principle: 11s.

Late holidaymakers note: new small sizes from Lenthéric who are putting their good deep cleanser Clean-Up Cream in a lightweight small jar. The sparkling Tiara scent can now be carried in a diamond-cut glass flacon of the light version of Tiara, called Bouquet: 8s. 6d.

Leon Sandler were first to bring L'Oreal's brainchild Modelling to London. This superquick French perm shapes and shines the hair from the roots so that it needs a minimum of back combing and upkeep between sets. Pluses: no frizzy ends after swimming and a basic movement that stays in until it grows out. It is particularly good for fine hair that usually flies back into its own unshape the day after the hairdresser. Modelling is in use at Carita, John of Knightsbridge, and John Junior, among others

Ring around the eyes with a Continental slim baton that has the thinnest of eye-lining pencils inside to make a delicate shadowy line. Hazel and Dove are good, mute colours: 10s. by Dorothy Gray

PATCHWORK



# VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

**CYMBELINE** ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON (VANESSA REDGRAVE, ERIC PORTER, PATIENCE COLLIER, PATRICK ALLEN, TOM FLEMING)

## Shakespeare well-served

HOW RIGHT DR. JOHNSON WAS WHEN HE SAID that the plot of *Cymbeline* was imbecile. And how right, too, when he added that the play contained "many just sentiments." In the mighty company of Johnson I need feel no diffidence in describing the play as a welter of sub-plots and improbabilities. It is all that and it is also the medium through which Shakespeare's poetry shines triumphantly. No one, after all, is required to believe in every one of the moves and stratagems, but they can be entertained, and they can find—will certainly find—delight in the grace of superb poetic imagination.

By his direction Mr. William Gaskill does all that may be done to make this an integrated play and has achieved a swift rhythm in the physical details of scene changing which is quite admirable and avoids any of the *longueurs* that, years ago, were thought inseparable from a Shakespeare production on this scale.

There is no fall of curtain but instead, as each scene finishes, stage hands appropriately dressed in fustian scamper on and off with the essential objects—a throne, a four-poster bed, a cage—for the next, while splendidly stylized coats of arms float down into sight, as a gentle and sometimes necessary indication that the action is now in Britain, now in Rome.

Very briefly and more as an *aide-mémoire* than a digest of the plot, the story is concerned with a lovely princess, daughter to the British king Cymbeline, who against her father's wishes has married one Posthumus Leonatus and mourns his banishment, while the king's second wife (the essence of all wicked stepmothers) plots feverishly against Imogen and in favour of her own un-royal son, Cloten, whom she hopes to see as successor to the king. Meanwhile Leonatus, in Rome, makes an ill-advised wager with Iachimo, an Italian friend, on the quality of Imogen's unassailable virtue. Iachimo thereupon speeds off to the British court, represents himself to Imogen as a close friend of Leonatus, and contrives to smuggle himself into her bedchamber where he takes careful notes of the furnishings and, while Imogen sleeps innocently on, removes from her arm the bracelet that was a love token from Leonatus.

With this trophy and some particulars of Imogen's person he returns to Rome, wins his wager and convinces Leonatus who, in fury and despair, writes a letter of cruel

abuse to Imogen and another to his friend and servant, Philario, now attending on Imogen, ordering him to murder her forthwith. Philario decoys Imogen away from the court, telling her that Leonatus is returning to Britain and that she may meet him at Milford Haven but, when they are some distance on their way in a wild and desolate place, he tells her the truth of Leonatus's intent and, instead of killing her as the desperate girl now begs, dresses her in boy's clothes and leaves her to find safety on her own. She is befriended by a banished lord living in the mountains with two boys who are in fact the king's sons and her brothers, and she survives a war between the Roman forces and the British (over a slightly irrelevant question of taxes and levies) to be finally reunited with her husband, forgiven by her father, more or less adopted by a Roman captain and discovered, in their true relationship, by her brothers.

There are other ramifications: an essay at poisoning by the stepmother, an oafish attempt at seduction by Cloten, parleys, insults and advice proffered by both of them to the vacillating king, scenes about the hunting of game and scenes about double dealing in poison and preferences, even apparitions and interventions by dead parents to whom Jupiter appears magnificently on the wings of a golden eagle, to

give them a masterly ticking-off and re-ascend to his Olympian heights. But the focus of the play is, first and last, on Imogen: one of the most important rôles, and the longest Shakespeare ever gave to a woman character. Here it is played by Miss Vanessa Redgrave.

It is easy enough to say of a young woman in these circumstances that she is an actress born, but that would not account for the especial felicity of her motion as she runs across the stage, an impatient girl in love; her slouching, angular walk as a seeming boy; her tenderness as a wife; all expressed in hands, body, turn of head and mobile face. That Miss Redgrave clearly understands the nature of the character she is playing, that her delivery is faultlessly clear and that she appreciates the possibilities of stagecraft—these are evidences of training and hard constant work, but her distinction is innate.

Mr. Clive Swift as the grotesquely confident Cloten, Mr. Eric Porter as Iachimo, a part which Irving once played and, presumably, enjoyed playing, Mr. Tom Fleming as Cymbeline, the arch-ditherer, and Mr. Paul Hardwick as the outlawed courtier, all contribute greatly to the balance and variety of the performance. Miss Redgrave gives fresh meaning to the lines:

*A wonder of this earth—  
Like one of Shakespeare's women.*



Thomas Aldredge and Joan Darling, two of the four principals in *The Premise*, fast-timed, wisecracking American revue at the Comedy Theatre

MORRIS NEWCOMBE

## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**THE MIRACLE WORKER** DIRECTOR ARTHUR PENN (ANNE BANCROFT, PATTY DUKE, VICTOR JORY, INGA SWENSON) **THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR** DIRECTOR GEORGE SEATON (WILLIAM HOLDEN, LILLI PALMER, HUGH GRIFFITH, EVA DAHLBECK) **THE SPIRAL ROAD** DIRECTOR ROBERT MULLIGAN (ROCK HUDSON, BURL IVES, GENA ROWLANDS, GEOFFREY KEEN)

## The Keller story

IN ADAPTING HIS INTENSELY MOVING PLAY, *The Miracle Worker*, for the screen, Mr. William Gibson obviously appreciated the advantages of the cinema and, with the able co-operation of the director, Mr. Arthur Penn, has skilfully availed himself of them: the result is a positively shattering film. When Annie Sullivan (Miss Anne Bancroft) arrives at the Alabama home of the Keller family to undertake a seemingly impossible task—the education of the deaf, dumb and blind child, Helen Keller—her brusque manner and harsh voice jar upon the head of the household, Captain Keller (Mr. Victor Jory), a Southern gentleman who is accustomed to a more obsequious attitude in his employees.

"She's rough," he says crossly to his wife (Miss Inga Swenson)—but gentle Mrs. Keller doesn't care *what* she is, if only she can teach little Helen something, anything, that will make her more nearly a normal child, and this the formidable Annie Sullivan is determined to do. "Beware of pity" is her watchword—of which Helen's half-brother James (Mr. Andrew Prine) approves: out of pity, Helen's parents have spoilt their daughter—she has developed animal habits and an ungovernable temper, and she needs discipline.

Annie Sullivan knows all about discipline. Flashbacks, blurred and frightening, reveal glimpses of her nightmare childhood in a home for mentally defectives, her battle against blindness, her unremitting struggle to learn and to achieve the dignity of a human being: one sees whence her indomitable will derives. With infinite patience she tries to teach Helen to spell in the alphabet of the deaf. The child, in whom she senses a brilliant intelligence, readily mimics the finger-movements signifying the individual letters, but fails to realize that they add up into words: she doesn't know what a word is.

Annie puts up with a great deal from the temperamental Helen—is viciously bashed across the face with a doll and locked in her bedroom—but a violent clash between teacher and pupil eventually comes. Annie finds Helen's disgusting behaviour at meals intolerable: ordering the stunned family out of the dining-room she prepares to impose that will of hers upon the enraged child, even if it means physically fighting her—and it does. For what seems like hours she struggles with the girl, who fights back like a mad thing: crockery is broken, furniture overturned as they roll on the floor. By the end of this agonizing scene they are breathless, bruised and shaken and the room is a shambles—but Annie has won: Helen has been forced to sit at table, eat with a spoon instead of with her fingers and fold her napkin.

To Mrs. Keller, this is progress indeed and, though Helen now hates Annie, the grateful

mother agrees to let the teacher have sole charge of her. For two weeks (the cruelly limited period allowed by hostile Captain Keller) Annie and Helen live alone in a small garden house where the child learns to tolerate her teacher, dress herself and play the finger-game which, if only she understood, is spelling out words.

Will she ever understand—will she ever grasp the concept of "word"? One shares Annie Sullivan's desperation as she strives to "get through" to her pupil: one prays with her for a miracle. It is an almost unbearably poignant moment when the miracle actually happens and comprehension comes to liberate the child-mind that has been locked away for so long in darkness and silence.

Miss Bancroft is occasionally a little actressy, but gives a remarkably compelling performance all the same, and Miss Duke is excellent as Helen—though I felt her gropings and stumblings were, perhaps, a trifle overdone: surely even a child so sorely handicapped would have become familiar with her surroundings and been able to find her way unfalteringly about the house and garden where her whole life had been spent. But this is to carp—and I would not for the world deter you from seeing the film: to do so is a great emotional experience.

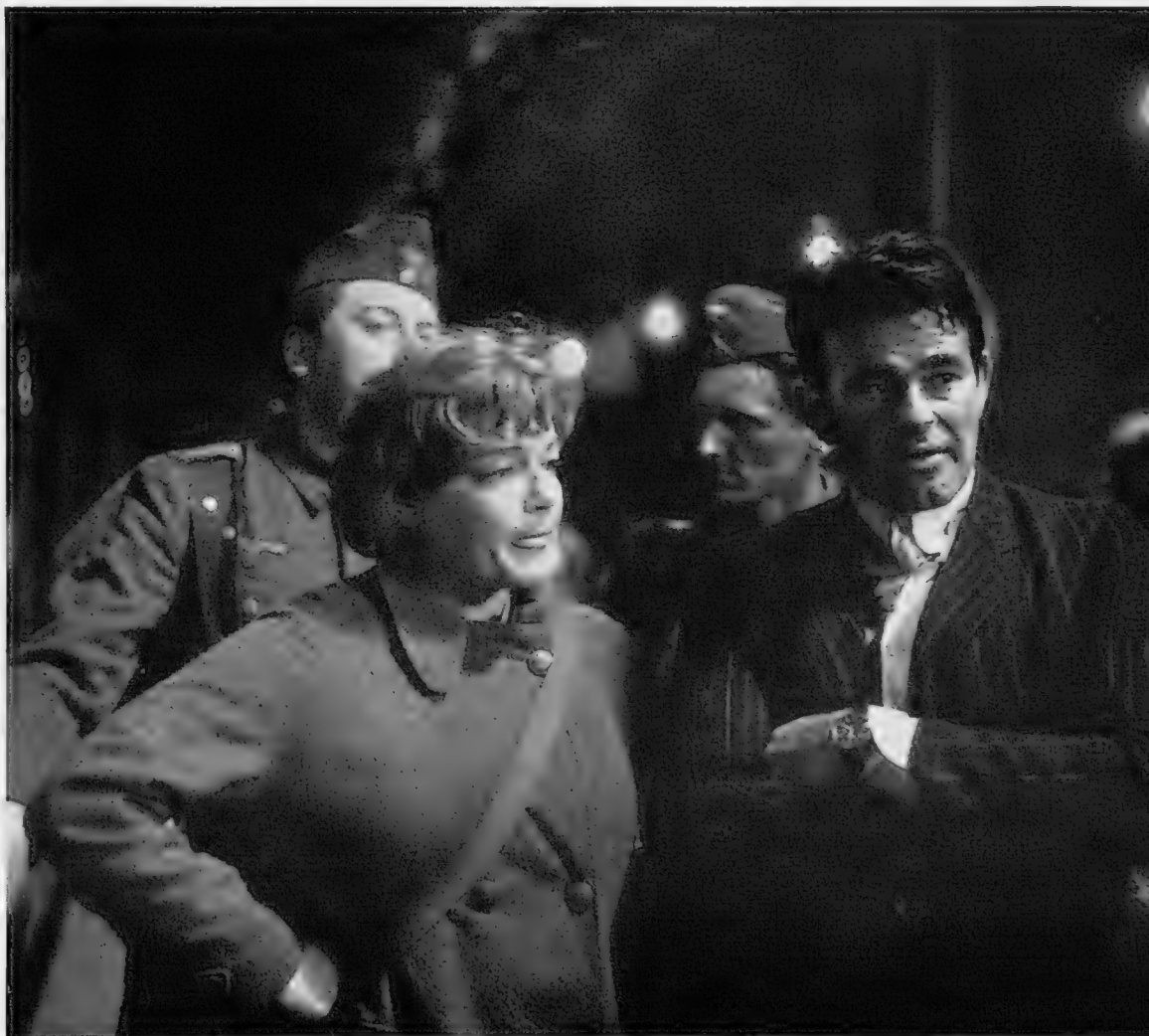
The story upon which *The Counterfeit Traitor* is based is a true one—but told at such inordinate length (close on three hours) that one ceases to care. It concerns Eric Erickson (played here by Mr. William Holden) and his activities as a spy for the Allies in World War Two. An American-born naturalized Swede, resident in Stockholm

where he is a prominent oil importer, Mr. Holden is blackmailed by British Intelligence (slipperily represented by Mr. Hugh Griffith) into working for our side.

As a trusted neutral, he goes to Berlin to sell the Nazi high-ups the idea of setting up an oil refinery in Sweden to provide fuel for the Luftwaffe. He is allowed to travel freely through Germany, glean information on the German refineries: this is passed on by Miss Lilli Palmer, an anti-Nazi German also spying for us, to the Allies who welcome news of worthwhile targets to bomb.

Miss Palmer's capture and execution strike a note of tragedy and Mr. Holden's escape through occupied Denmark is undeniably exciting: there are glorious shots, in colour, of Stockholm, Hamburg, Berlin, and Copenhagen—and I can't say the film is a bore. It is just far too long.

Mr. Rock Hudson gives a very fine performance in *The Spiral Road*, as a doctor who comes to the Dutch East Indies to serve for five years in return for his government-sponsored medical education. His ambition is to work with Mr. Burl Ives, the world's greatest (and, as far as I am concerned, most unexpected) authority on leprosy. Mr. Hudson has excellent qualifications, but Mr. Ives tends to treat him just as "the new boy"—until he proves himself and makes good: even so, Mr. Ives disapproves of his marrying Miss Gena Rowlands (a nice girl)—a doctor should be free to dedicate himself to his profession. After a slow opening, the film takes hold of one: its setting is unusual and the brooding malevolence of the jungle (which nearly drives Mr. Hudson mad) comes over splendidly.



Simone Signoret takes a baled-out American airman (Stuart Whitman) across Paris in the Metro under the eyes of the occupying Germans. A scene from her latest film, as yet untitled



## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**THE MOTOR BOOK** ED. T. R. NICHOLSON (METHUEN, 25s.) **GRAND PRIX WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP 1961** BY LOUIS STANLEY (BARNES, 55s.) **THE LATE MRS. D.** BY HILLARY WAUGH (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) **BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON** BY DOROTHY SAYERS (PENGUIN, 5s.) **THE POET & THE LANDSCAPE** BY ANDREW YOUNG (HART-DAVIS, 18s.) **THE DOUBLE HEART** BY LETTICE COOPER (GOLLANCZ, 18s.) **SURVIVE WITH ME** BY R. G. G. PRICE (BLOND, 9s. 6d.) **THE COMPLETE FAIRY STORIES OF PERRAULT** (CONSTABLE, 16s.)

### Honk, honk!

NOW THAT GREEN AND PLEASANT ENGLAND HAS turned into a giant car park, it is soothing, heart-warming and educational for us to study a little of the early history of something that started out as a daring sport for gallant pioneers and finished up by becoming the quickest way to give yourself ulcers. **The Motor Book**—an Anthology, 1895-1914—edited by T. R. Nicholson magnificently illustrates the sad decline of motoring into little more than a way of sitting in a queue out of the rain. The early pioneers were men of intrepid spirit; forswearing all comfort, safety, sleep even, they crossed deserted terrain, survived accidents, sank uncomplaining into swamps, coped fearlessly with the major disaster of a puncture, anointed their poor weatherbeaten peeling skin with machine oil and suffered agonies of stiffness and bruising (“‘If we could find a horse!’ said Prince Borghese”—maybe the most memorable single speech in the book.)

My favourite entry in this peerless anthology is a superb article by Dorothy Levitt, a great woman motorist, writing in

1909 on the subject of what ladies should wear in the car. She dissuades ladies from wearing rings which “hurt terribly” when you are driving yourself—“also the stones are loosened.” In the little drawer under the seat of the car the “dainty motorist” should keep clean handkerchief and veil, powder puff (“unless you despise them”), hair pins, mirror, some soothing chocolates and a tablet of “Antioyl” soap. Miss Levitt also endearingly advises a small dog to curl up on the seat under your coat, and a small revolver just in case. She herself always carried a Colt automatic (“there is practically no recoil—a great consideration to a woman”) and practised continually at a range to keep her eye in. Stirling Moss is a great fellow, but dainty Miss Levitt with her tiny automatic must have cut quite a dash in her modest way.

The early drivers wrote with something of the panache and noble formality that sometimes characterizes the style of mountaineer prose writers. Louis Stanley's **Grand Prix World Championship 1961** is a good deal breezier. There are a great many pictures of brave gentlemen in goggles and helmets whizzing about at high speed, and I suppose it is only sentimentalists who regret the vanished veils and the soothing chocs.

Notes for blood-fans: Hillary Waugh's **The Late Mrs. D.** is a nice neat business involving a detestable provincial doctor specializing clammily in female diseases, and the death of his third beautiful wife. The killer is never for a moment in doubt, but Mr. Waugh spins things along very plausibly and prettily. Old trad fans who can recall the days before the war are going to be made happy by Penguins' issue of four Lord Peter Wimseys, including **Busman's Honeymoon**. To renew one's acquaintance with the incredibly arrogant Lord Peter, and the Donne-studded summation of his love affair with that

passionate academic Harriet Vane, is like guiltily re-indulging an adolescent vice—too many toasted marshmallows all at once, say, with the same queasy after-effects. Wimsey himself is truly and deeply unforgivable, but worthy of close study for his extraordinary period appeal.

**Briefly. . . The Poet & the Landscape** is a dear little book, modest, simple and disarming, by Canon Andrew Young about the English pastoral poets and their description of landscape. . . **The Double Heart** by Lettice Cooper is a lovely soothing hot-bath book, delicious for a freezing summer evening. Awful child-bride Belinda abandons inhibited husband Lucas and son Toby for even more awful non-starting playwright Hervey; is thrown out by him and takes up, in *L-Shaped Room* style, with a common lad called Spadge, later being rudely grabbed by Spadge's unsavoury chum Flash. Lucas meanwhile crossly and unexpectedly beats up a sharp chick called Marlene, and a fairly happy ending, complete with Hervey's unborn baby, is unbelievably foreshadowed. Goodness, the wild goings-on.

**Survive With Me** by R. G. G. Price is a deadily-funny about how to keep life in your H-Bomb Hidey gay and dainty (“One of our difficulties is going to be toilet”) as narrated by an infinitely refined, resourceful and cheery lady called Betty Hope . . . and lastly, no good child should be without the **Complete Fairy Stories of Perrault**, illustrated with a mannered and adorable wit by Heath Robinson. I am devoted to these worldly, shiny, classic stories, some of which hold enchanting surprises for children who know only shortened and gentled-up versions. Not enough people realize that Sleeping Beauty's mother-in-law was a rich ogress who ordered her chef to serve up her granddaughter for dinner with piquant sauce. It's the sort of important cookery detail you don't want to miss.

## RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

**SISTER ON TOUR** BY ROSETTA THARPE MAHALIA JACKSON; **LAST SESSION** (VOL. 3) BY BIG BILL BROONZY **BLUES & FOLK SONGS** BY BROTHER JOHN SELLERS **TRAVELLING WITH THE BLUES** BY MEMPHIS SLIM **THE BLUES; COTTON CLUB DAYS** BY DUKE ELLINGTON **THE INDISPENSABLE DUKE ELLINGTON** (VOLS. 1 & 2)

### From gospel to jazz

JUST HOW QUICKLY POPULARITY CAN DEBASE A relatively pure form of music is well illustrated by the outrageous accompaniment provided on Sister Rosetta Tharpe's album, **Sister on Tour** (CLP1561). Against an almost unrestrained “rock” backing she has to sing and shout her way through a dozen typical gospel pieces, but it is a poor session in the sense that she has lost the “soul” effect in forcing herself and her voice against the destructive background. Mahalia Jackson, on the other hand, accepts no compromise and produces an almost theatrical atmosphere in her immaculate performances. Pianist Mildred Falls is her only permitted accompanist, and her complete captivation of her audiences is indicative of the emotional power in her voice. Her latest album to be released

by CBS (SBPG62005) was recorded during her tour of Europe last year. I attended her memorable Albert Hall concert, and can vouch that this is a faithful and impressive recapitulation of the immaculate music she sang over here.

It is only a short step from gospel singing to the blues, which today form a creditable part of the records issued in England in the jazz category. Part 3 of Big Bill Broonzy's **Last Session** (CLP1562) is now available; I wrote about the earlier albums with glowing praise some weeks ago, so I will only say that he was the blues singer with the greatest personal audience contact that I have heard in 20 years of listening to jazz. A Mississippi-born singer who blends folk and blues material to great effect is Brother John Sellers, whose collection of songs (TFL6005) escaped my attention when it was released earlier in the summer. He has the benefit of exceptional accompaniments by Basie's rhythm section and that finest of all harmonica players, Sonny Terry. Sellers' versatility stems from his early work with Mahalia on the gospel side, and with the material which Big Bill had developed, along with a host of other blues singers, in the same zone.

Another man who derived his style from Broonzy was Memphis Slim, a piano player of great interest, whose singing was featured in Vol. 5 of Storyville's **Blues Anthology** (SLP118). The purists will fall over

backwards about this and **The Blues** (33SX1417), an unusual collection of contemporary performances by artists who are household names to the negro audiences in America, but are scarcely known on this side of the Atlantic. The music is earthy, widely varied in approach, but every track has its common link in the blues.

In terms of sheer value for money I doubt whether there is much that could beat Duke Ellington's **Cotton Club Days** (AH23), one of the latest albums in Decca's Ace of Hearts series. These tracks cover some of the best pieces he recorded during his five-year stay at Harlem's top night club, where he opened in 1927. That Cotton Club period saw some of his most important writing, and the presence of soloists like Bubber Miley, master of the plunger mute and growl style of trumpet playing, added much to the “jungle” sound which the band sometimes strove to achieve. The two volumes of **The Indispensable Duke Ellington** (RD27258/9) present him in more sophisticated vein, during the 1940-46 period which is so often claimed to be his greatest in terms of both composition, arrangement, and individual soloists. Connoisseurs can amuse themselves by comparing the 1945 version of *Black & Tan Fantasy* with the 1927 “original” which is contained in the Cotton Club album. It would be invidious to decide which is almost indispensable.

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# GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

FOUR YOUNG ARTISTS INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

## Fourth Form frolic

THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS, WHICH has a small, inadequate grant from the Arts Council, needs new members. Says a notice at the gallery and club premises in Dover Street, Mayfair: "The ICA depends for its continued existence on a growing membership. Join Now!"

But if you are thinking of joining (and I hope you are) I feel I must warn you that its current exhibition is hardly likely to encourage you. I was reminded by it of the story that Gadguin, in his Paris days, used to pin improper postcards to the door of his studio in order to frighten away proper people.

I am assured, however, that the ICA does not want to frighten anyone away, not even the proper.

Still, it is curious. And all the more so because the exhibition is sponsored by a highly respectable organization which demanded removal of one of the paintings at the private view but the picture, called *Teeth cleaning*, W.11 was promptly replaced after that occasion. To attempt to describe it would probably lay me open to a charge of obscenity. In any case it is not this aspect of the exhibition that appals me. It is the paltriness of it, the shoddiness of the work and its presentation. Already the angry gesture of "Pop" painting looks tired and forced. Its punch is as phoney as that of the mass "art" forms it seeks to parody.

The four young artists here are "Pop" painters Peter Phillips, 23, and John Bowstead, 22, David Hockney, 25, who protests that he is not a "Pop" painter, and sculptor Maurice Agis who is 31 and whose severe constructions of welded iron rods and sheets are likely to make him an un-pop sculptor. All four were chosen after making an impression at this year's Young Contemporaries show, the annual juvenile jamboree at which Phillips and Hockney have starred for three consecutive years and at which both have shown better things than are now at the ICA.

Hockney, who has an unusual wit which he expresses in well-painted but puerile images, has been lionized by art-intellectuals to the evident detriment of his work. Although he rejects the "Pop" label he uses repeatedly the "Pop" gimmick of introducing words and phrases into his pictures.

The man in his 5 ft. by 8 ft. canvas *Man stood in front of his house with rain descending from clouds above the right pinnacle*, for instance, has the word *MIOT* neatly lettered on his trilby hat (and, incidentally, wears a striped blazer very much like that sported by the artist himself on dressy occasions). His *The cruel elephant* has the phrase *CRAWLING INSECTS* scrawled over and over again on the grass under the elephant's feet. In a "statement" displayed with his work Hockney says, "I think I'm lucky—I have no ambition."

In his "statement," Peter Phillips says with equal obviousness, "I like a large canvas" and "My painting shows an accumulation of various interests and ideas." The ideas come principally from fair grounds and pulp magazines—chequer-board backgrounds and cut-out pin-ups—

and are mixed up with half-tone reproductions, simulated in paint, of famous faces, (Jackson Pollock is there) and places (the Statue of Liberty) and symbols (lions and American eagles). "When I start a picture I have no preconceived idea of what's going to end up on the canvas. It's partly a question of intuition. I know what looks O.K.," says Phillips. But that is a matter of opinion.

Bowstead's name is new to me but his slapdash style is all too familiar. Since he has just graduated from Coventry College of Art to the Slade he must presumably have some talent, but there are few signs of it in this show. He has his youth in his favour but I doubt whether an exhibition at this stage in his career is going to do anything but encourage him to run before he can walk.

His work, we are informed, has been described as "akin to a visual gossip column." But it is a gossip column that has been "pied" on the stone, as compositors say when they drop a page of type and mix it all up.

His biggest picture, *Panorama window on the world* has an anti-war theme that would surely be admirable if only it were readable. But into it he has mixed not only the "Pop" boys' comic-paper images and some chimpanzee-like action painting, but also a small but real, stained-glass window of the sort that disfigures many suburban homes. "Do-it-yourself junior executive painting section," reads one of the many slogans painted all over the canvas.

In another of these chaotic canvasses is a recognizable pastiche of a painting by Francis Bacon labelled *BACON*. Close to it is a painting of an egg, labelled *EGG*. That just about sums up the general level of the show.

## DINING IN

Helen Burke

## Roasting a grouse

I COULD HARDLY LET THIS WEEK PASS WITHOUT referring to grouse. There is so much controversy about how underdone or otherwise a grouse should be that one is loath to make any set statement on the subject. Escoffier says that grouse, in common with black game and hazel hen, "must be very fresh when roasted and should be kept very moderately underdone." My own experience, and that of various correspondents, is that the time should be short and the oven temperature high. From 12 to 18 minutes seems to be the time range and the temperature 450 to 475 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8 to 9.

First, the bird will have been plucked, drawn and trussed. Examine and, if necessary, clean it well. Lightly sprinkle, inside and out, with salt, then loosely tie a thin layer of back pork fat around it. Place in a baking tin, allowing one bird for two persons. (At one time, it was a whole bird per head.) Bake the liver at the same time but remove it five minutes before taking the grouse from the oven. Mash the liver and season well. Have ready a slice of bread per person. Spread the liver paste on each. Remove the pork fat which, by now, should be crisp. Pour off the fat from the baking tin. Add a walnut of butter to the tin, together with a little stock or water, and rub around to release the crustiness. Strain into a heated gravy boat. Halve the

bird with poultry shears or kitchen scissors. Place a portion on each slice of the liver-spread bread and pass bread sauce separately.

Older grouse are rewarding if they are braised, and here is a useful recipe. For four persons, wipe out two not-so-young grouse with a clean damp linen cloth. Sprinkle the birds, inside and out, with salt. In the body of each bird put a small carrot, first cooked for a few minutes in a little butter, and 1 oz. of chopped blanched lean bacon. Brown the birds lightly in 2 oz. of butter, then place them in a casserole in which they will just comfortably fit.

To the pan in which they were browned add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of stock, and again rub them around to dislodge the residue. Pour this mixture over the birds to cover them. Put on the lid and cook gently for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours at 300 to 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3 when the grouse should be beautifully tender—though they may be in less time.

For the sauce, simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of plain flour in 1 oz. of butter, without colouring it. Stir in the stock from the grouse, bring to the boil, then simmer to cook the flour and thicken the sauce. Add a tablespoon of sherry or dry vermouth. Having cooked the sliced livers for a minute or two in very little butter, mash them and add them to the sauce. Cook for a few minutes.

Finish the sauce with about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of double cream. Warm through but do not boil. Pour into a heated sauce boat. Halve the birds as above, place them on a heated platter, pour a little of the sauce over them and pass the remainder separately.

Those who relish the tangy taste which sour cream imparts to game and many other meats will like to add up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of thick sour cream (*smetane*) in place of the double cream. These days, it is specially prepared and fairly easy to find in delicatessen shops.

We are entering the PLUM season and Early Rivers, perhaps the first-comers, are particularly good when cooked in batter. Make your best Yorkshire Pudding batter—that is, one with 4 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt, a large egg or 2 small ones, into which gradually beat  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk or milk and water. Leave to rest for 2 hours, then beat well again.

Melt 1 oz. butter in a pie-dish. Sprinkle 4 oz. sugar evenly over the surface. Also a little grated lemon rind. Add a layer of Early Rivers plums (1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb.). Heat thoroughly, then pour the batter on top. Place in the middle of a hot oven (450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8) and bake for 10 minutes. Lower the heat to 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 and bake for an hour in all. Serve with single cream or, if preferred, cultured cream.



## MOTORING

Dudley Noble

*A revolutionary Morris*

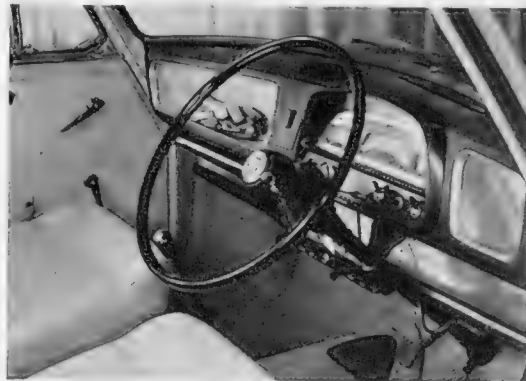
ANNOUNCED TODAY IS ONE OF THE MOST revolutionary cars ever produced. It is the Morris 1100 and, although from the outside it looks normal enough, quite pretty in fact, it has more features of appeal to the average motorist than any car I know. First is its really remarkable body capacity—comfortable room for four or even five adults and a large luggage boot. This has been achieved by setting the 4-cylinder liquid-cooled 1098 c.c. 48 b.h.p. engine transversely across the nose, as in the Mini-Minor, and driving the front wheels; all the mechanism is concentrated into the very modest space under the bonnet. But the most outstanding feature of this new Morris is its system of suspension. Nothing like it has ever been used before—it literally rides on rubber and water. Not only that—when a bump makes one of the front wheels go up the motion is communicated to the corresponding back wheel springing unit, which lifts the rear end of the car similarly; so there is no pitching motion.

Driving this car gives one a novel sensation at first; when I got into it at the Morris works and headed for the open road it seemed quite strange that the body should hold itself on a dead level keel. Turning off the main highway and finding a lane with corrugated grass verges I let the nearside wheels drop into ruts and run over humps; although they certainly could be felt, there was a complete absence of jolting and see-sawing. After a hundred miles of as wide a range of road conditions as possible, I returned to Cowley, where Mr. Alec Issigonis, the car's designer, showed me all the secrets. The suspension, known as "Hydroelastic," has been evolved by Moulton Developments Ltd., in conjunction

with the British Motor Corporation, and during the past five years it has been tested under every conceivable condition. The actual springs are cylindrical rubber blocks of suitable elasticity; fluid (water with anti-freeze) is the medium employed within the suspension unit to transfer the weight of the car and the road shocks to them. No glands are used, or indeed *any* wearing parts; everything is hermetically sealed and needs no maintenance. The suspension unit on each front wheel is connected by a steel pipe with its counterpart on the back wheel; these narrow pipes are housed in a tunnel under the floor. The units themselves are not highly complicated, and their effect in action is amazingly efficient.

There are four models in the new Morris 1100 range—a basic 2-door and 4-door, and a *de luxe* version of each. Lowest priced is the 2-door basic at £661 including tax, with the 4-door *de luxe* £34 more. They all fall within that fiercely competitive "under £700" class, and I shall be most surprised if on August 15, when for the first time every Morris dealer throughout the country puts one on display, order books do not suddenly bulge. It is a car to which one takes an immediate liking and, as for performance, the engine is as outstanding as the suspension—beefy as well as revvy. Though the makers only claim 77 m.p.h., I noticed the speedometer on mine climbing above the 80 mark on many occasions. There are four gears; top, third and second having synchromesh, and the change speed lever is short and centrally placed on the floor. Clutch, brake and accelerator pedals are nicely spaced out, and the steering (by rack and pinion) is simply delightful to handle, both light and precise. Brakes are disc to

Above, two views of the Morris 1100; below, the compactly designed fascia, providing neatly functional instrument panel, generous parcel space



the front wheels and drum type at the back, and not only do they pull the car up powerfully and smoothly but the parking brake works really effectively.

Inside the body the maximum amount of passenger room has been achieved by making the side windows curved so that there is fullest possible width. Instruments are housed in a single nacelle in front of the driver; there is an illuminated ashtray on the fascia and another on the floor hump handily placed for the back passengers, who are also given armrests on the doors. Parcel space is generous, with a shelf under the pocketed dash, a pocket in each front door, a deep shelf behind the rear seat and space under the seat itself. Safety belt fixings are built in, the parcels tray and sun visors are padded, and all doors have child-proof safety catches. This is a car that I am sure will make motoring history.

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

*Centuries of celadon*

ORIENTAL ART FORMS HAVE HAD WITHOUT doubt tremendous influence in the West. Probably the blue and white porcelain exported to Europe from the 16th until the beginning of the 18th century, and again in the 19th century, has had the greatest influence. In fact it has become so well known throughout this country as to cause no great surprise even when encountered in the remotest corners. The Oriental porcelain known somewhat loosely as celadon is less familiar, but nowadays it is often far more admired. I illustrate by courtesy of Messrs. Bluett & Sons of Davies Street, W.1, an old Korean celadon box and cover of the Koryu period, circa 12th century, which is 5½ in. in diameter, and contains four smaller circular boxes. This very lovely, yet typical, example of celadon ware is enriched by a design of phoenixes, incised into the clay, which has been inlaid with black and white slip thus emphasizing the decoration—a technique developed and perfected by the Koreans. Such boxes are usually described as “cosmetic boxes,” though it is possible they were in fact betel boxes.

The term celadon has two almost equally improbable derivations. It could have

stemmed from a name in an early 17th century romance *L'Astrée* by Honoré d'Urfé in which one of the characters, a shepherd, is called Celadon. The costume of grey-green cloth worn by Celadon became so widely known that this distinctive type of green was given his name. On the other hand it is sometimes supposed that the term has been derived from Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, who sent 40 pieces of this porcelain to the Sultan of Damascus in 1171. The origins of the term, though of little consequence, are useful as a description, for they refer to the soft-toned greenish colour of the felspathic glaze which varies from almost grey to the various bluish or olive-green tints acquired from iron. This characteristic colour is not easy to describe, but is a simple matter to recognize and separate from ordinary greens.

The history of celadon goes back to the origins of glaze in China—to the beginnings, that is, of our era; and in fact the earliest unintentional glazes on pieces of high-fired pottery have a suggestion of this greenish tone. The peak of refinement was reached in about the 12th century when wares of great beauty were made, which resulted in Chinese writers of the period suggesting

that celadon was made to imitate jade. That the soft tints of celadon have always appealed in a country whose most precious material is jade cannot be denied; but to us perhaps it seems inconsistent to imagine that the Chinese did more than refine their finest techniques, though they noticed a resulting resemblance to a natural and highly-prized substance.

During the 15th century large numbers of celadon dishes were made and exported to the Near East. The potentates at this time found great advantages in using celadon ware for the service of food—its appeal lying in one special feature, simply that the colour of the dish would change if food had been poisoned. This fancy-free belief is found extensively in the Near East and is a delightful sidelight on the resourcefulness and business acumen of a highly artistically aware people.

Sir Herbert Read has pointed out that of all forms of art pottery is the most abstract, and that abstraction is clearly at its purest when undisturbed by representational decoration. Is this the reason for celadons being more appreciated in our time than the blue and white so highly prized by our forebears?



Korean celadon box of the 12th century containing four smaller boxes







**Miss Rosalind Lamin to Mr. Alan Neale:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Howard Lamin, of Bingham, Notts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Neale, of Berkhamsted, Herts



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**Bowater—Talbot-Ponsonby:** Sarah Vansittart, daughter of Sir Eric & Lady Vansittart Bowater, of Dean Place, West Horsley, Surrey, was married to Peter William, son of Lt.-Col. John Talbot-Ponsonby, of Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, and Mrs. Liza Talbot-Ponsonby, of Ovington Street, S.W.3, at St. Mary's, West Horsley

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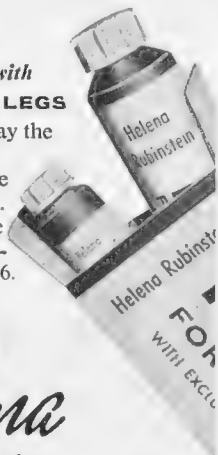


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## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

### Anthropological democracy

WHAT ADVANTAGES CAN MEN HOPE for from the findings of the Molony Committee on consumer protection? When the 214 conclusions and recommendations were published, it turned out that men were thought to fare pretty well. Apart from some progress that may come from the general hopes of the committee, with better labelling and more comparative testing, and perhaps compulsory instructions on the care and washing of clothing, the fact that men generally insist on trying on clothes before buying them saves them from many of the pitfalls that threaten women shoppers. Logically enough, the only difficulty for men pinpointed was the fit of shirts. Logically, because any man who wants to try on a shirt before buying it is going to be very unpopular with the shopkeeper. And if he insists, it'll be a long operation, and a painful one. Who hasn't been plagued with that chore of removing the pins, plastic cufflinks, acetate collar bands and card stiffeners from a new shirt? And isn't there at least one pin that's overlooked—generally directed straight at the jugular vein?

The Molony Report, and myself, leave out of consideration those lucky men who have their shirts made to measure. But it is mindful of the rest of us—and especially the problem of getting the right length of shirt sleeve. Rightly so, because nothing spoils a good overall appearance more than a shirt-cuff that feels low on the knuckles or high out of sight by the elbow. Shirts are nearly all bought by reference only to the neckband size. The committee suggests that this arises from the retailers' reluctance to stock different arm-lengths for each neckband size—not from the manufacturers' reluctance to supply. One can appreciate the problem of a retailer, especially a small one. If he stocks a range of collar sizes from 14 to 18 (including 4 half-sizes) in only three sleeve lengths he must stock 27 shirts. This does not allow for the variations of collar style, cloth, pattern, colour or quality. So if a small retailer wants to offer even a minimum range of styles he's stuck with a real storage problem.

In this competitive world

there seems to be only one solution. Men who want a properly-fitting shirt must go to the retailer with the widest choice to offer. And as this world is tending to encourage specialists, it wouldn't be a bad start if every reasonably-sized town had a shop that specialized entirely in shirts. After all, every man wears one, every day. I offer the idea free in the interests of better dress. As to manufacturers—well, it's true that almost all of them would be delighted to supply a full range of sleeve lengths. I've suspected for a long time that the Americans have a sound approach to the whole problem of sizing, and recently I've been impressed by the approach of one American firm operating in this country—Arrow. Their size scales are divided into three groups in order of style popularity. Scale A features 9 collar sizes, from 14 to 18, with half-sizes. Size 14 offers three sleeve lengths, from 32 to 34. 14½ adds a 35 sleeve to this, and the four sizes between 15 and 16½ cover the full range of five sleeve lengths from 32 to 36. The larger neck sizes start a tapering off of choice, since a man with an 18 neckband is unlikely to need less than a 34 sleeve.

So much for the Arrow approach to sizing. They offer an equally good choice of style, especially in collars. Neatest of all to my mind is the tab fastening style in a drip-dry cotton shirt, where the collar is square ended and fastens by a popstud under the tie. I tip this shirt because it is in a pale blue and more and more navy suits are being worn. The price is in its favour too—45s. This shirt (and many more in the Arrow range) will be in the shops on 20 October.

There are many other shirts by Arrow to choose from. Their King Cotton shirt is available now—a really tough, treat-it-as-you-like drip-dry super cotton in a range of patterns or white. A good evening shirt for 45s. with a piqué front in a sort of basket weave. And more excitements planned for the autumn. Arrow shirts are available at Selfridges and Horne Brothers in London; Kendal Milne of Manchester, Binns of Newcastle, Rackhams of Birmingham, Schofields of Leeds, and the Irish Manufacturing Company of Leicester stock Arrow shirts. But not the whole range. However, any shirt can be ordered—and that's worth quite a bit.

Tia Maria

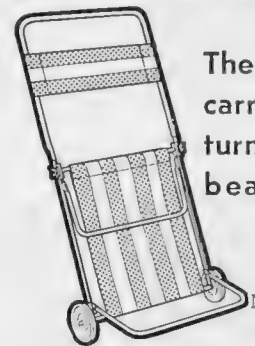


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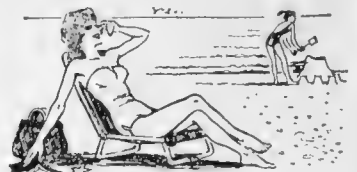
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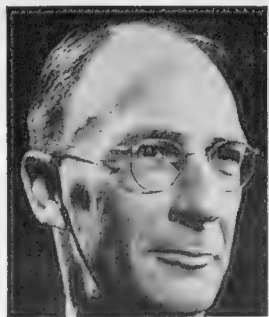
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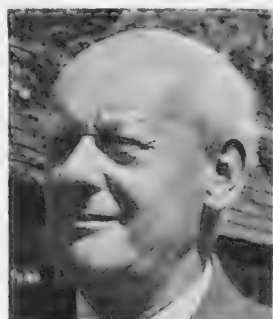
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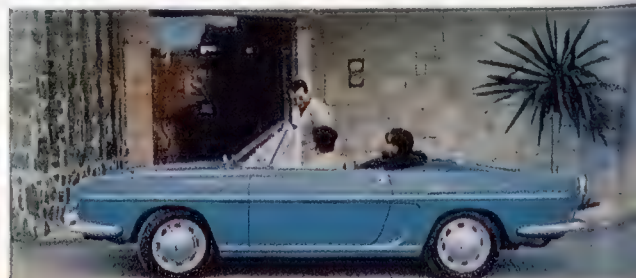


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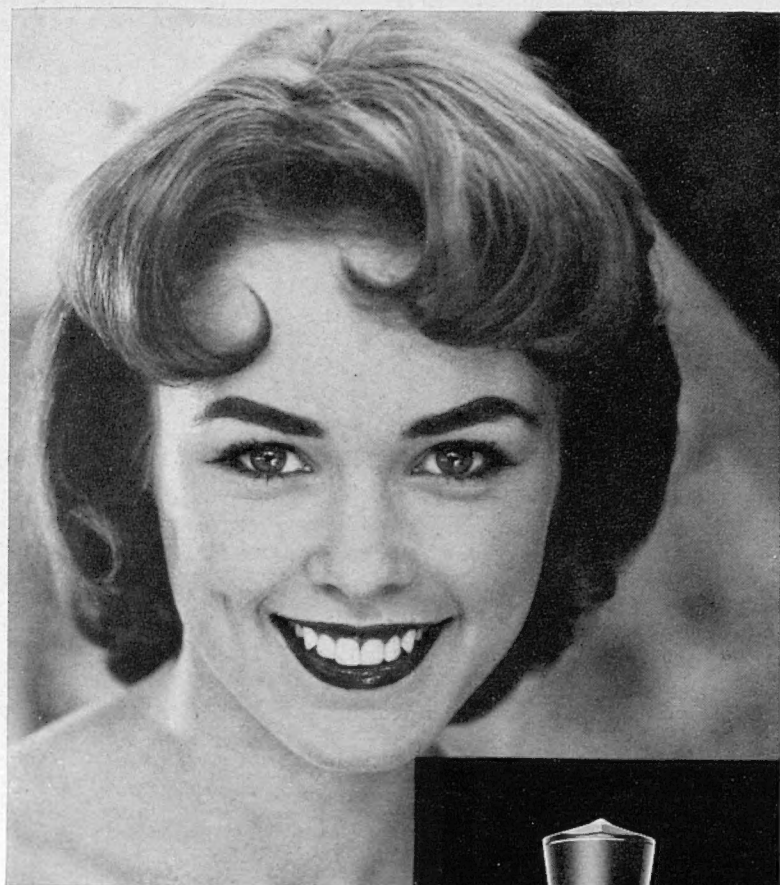
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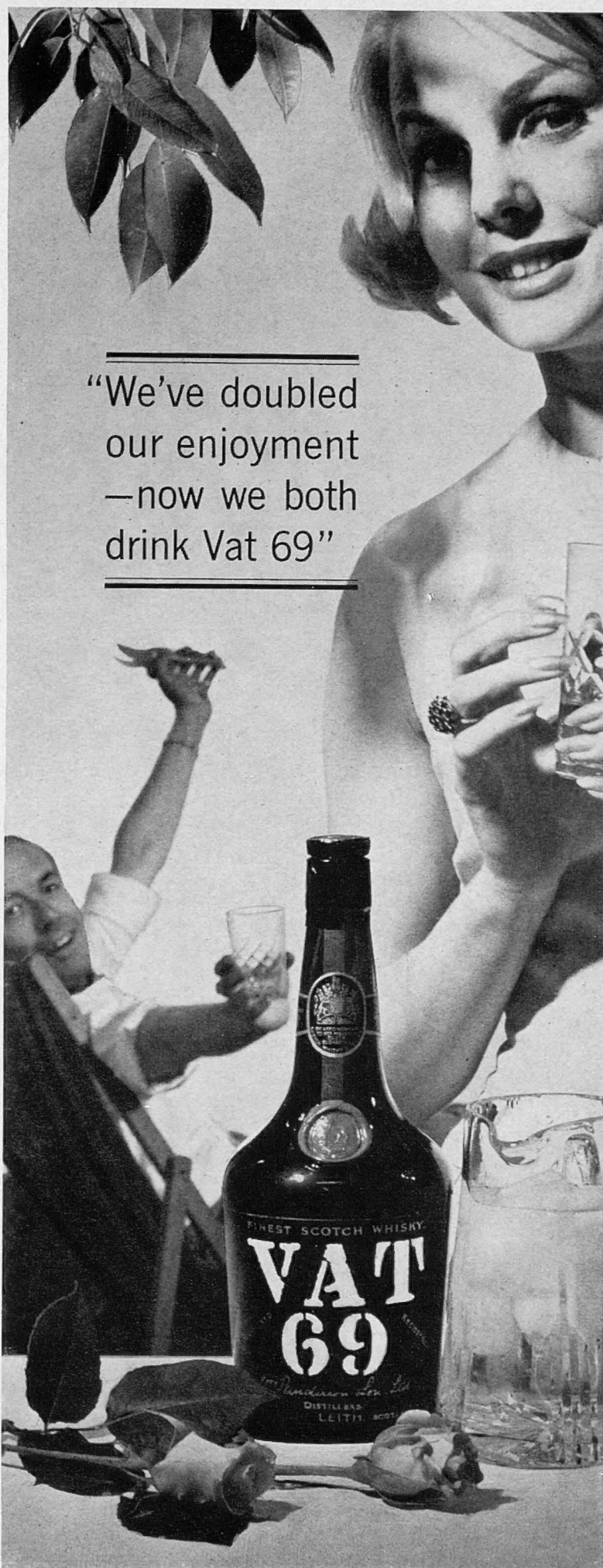
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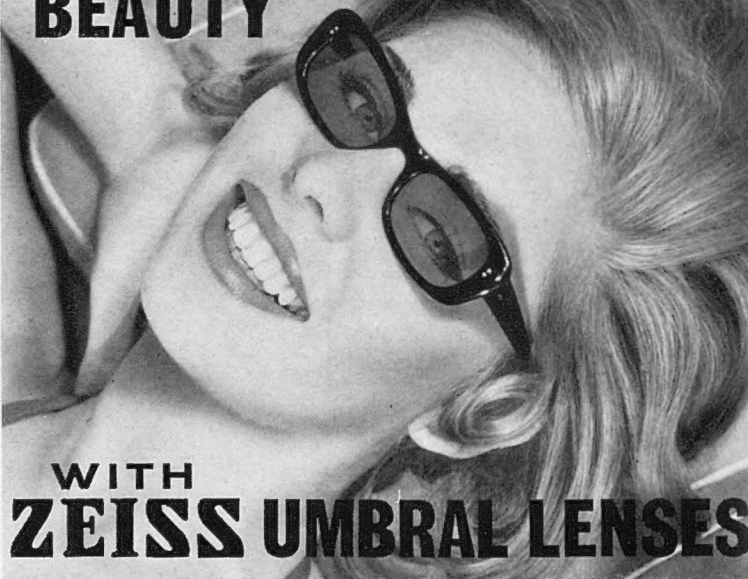
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